

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF

FEAR



OR
with a
story by

Presented



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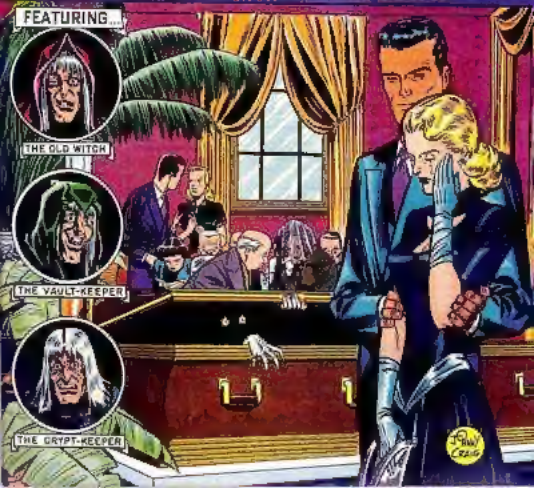
THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



FRANK
CRAIG

NOTORIOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF



NO. 6
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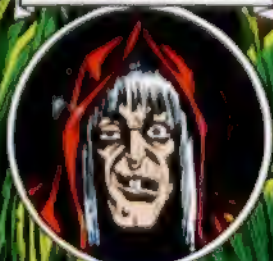


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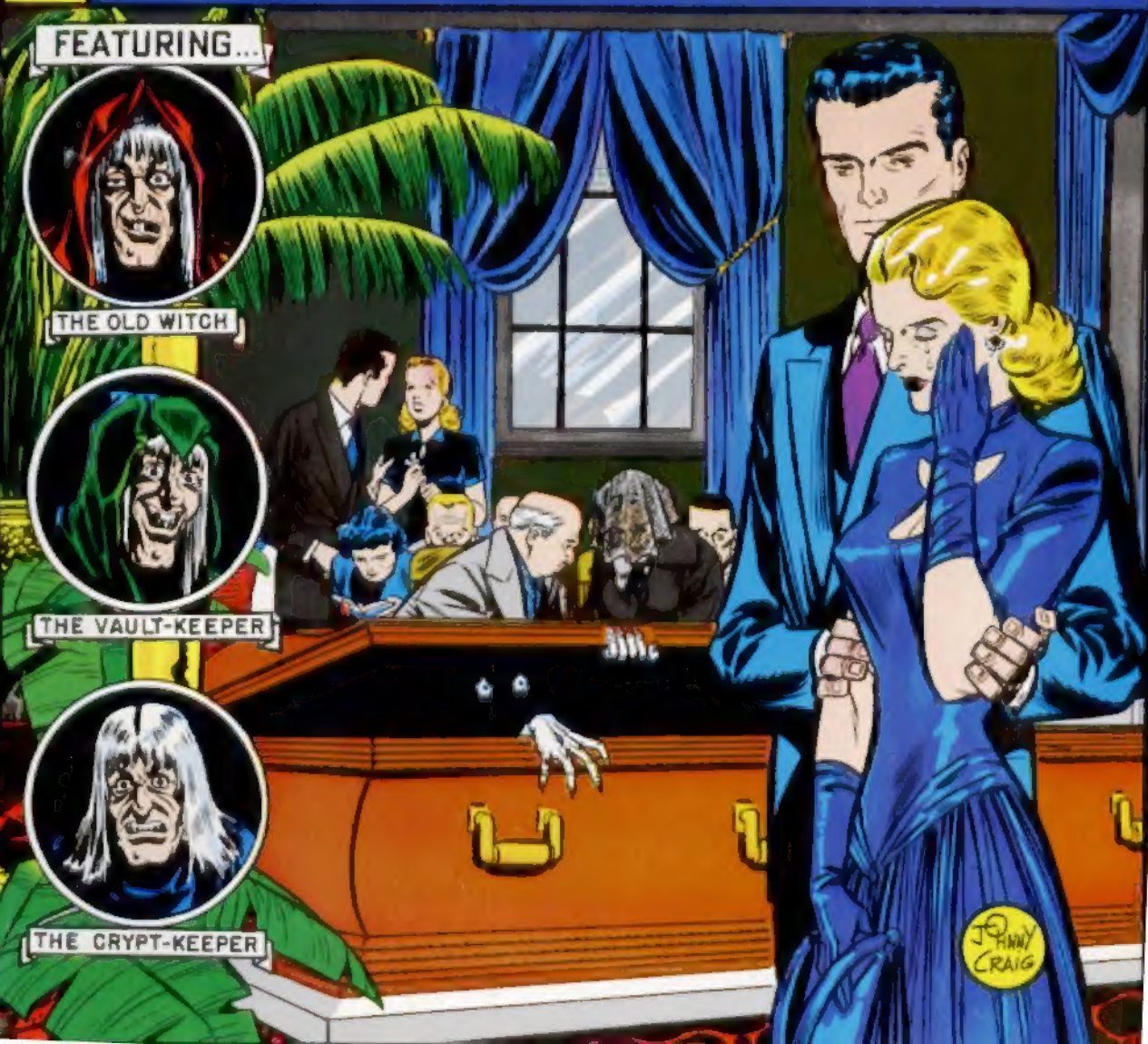
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BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS** (AND INFAMOUS!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!



CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



W SCI #1



W SCI #2



W SCI #3



W SCI #4



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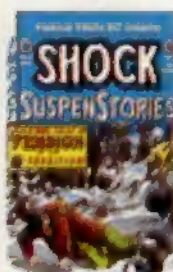
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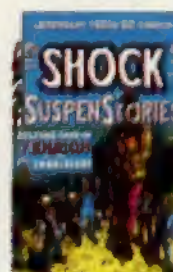
SHOCK #2



SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

EACH 32-PAGE COMIC REPRINTS THE COVER AND ENTIRE CONTENT OF ITS 1950s PREDECESSOR, IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR IN STANDARD COMIC BOOK FORMAT. THEY ARE RELEASED ON QUARTERLY SCHEDULES.

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THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! COME IN! COME IN! YOU ALL KNOW *ME* BY NOW... THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* DRAW UP CLOSE TO THE BUBBLING, STEAMING CAULDRON! I HAVE A STORY TO TELL YOU! A STORY THAT WILL ABSOLUTELY *HORRIFY* YOU! A YARN OF *TERROR... OF REVENGE... OF DEATH!* THIS TASTY TALE, WHICH I AM ABOUT TO DISH OUT TO YOU, I CALL...

A STRANGE UNDERTAKING...



MY STORY BEGINS ONE COLD WINTRY DAY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL TOWN! SNOW BLANKETS EVERYTHING! IT COVERS THE COUNTRYSIDE LIKE A WHITE SHROUD... HEAVY...COLD...SILENT! IT LAYS THICK ON THE ROOF TOPS...IN DRIFTS AGAINST THE HOUSES...AND DEADLY STILL ON THE GRAVES OF THE TOWN CEMETERY...

HMMPH! GROUND'S FROZEN... FROZEN *SOLID!* LUCKY THING I HAVEN'T ANY CUSTOMERS! COULDN'T *BURY* 'EM, ANYWAY!

HOWDY, EZRA! ADMIRING YOUR HANDYWORK?



THAT'S THE CARETAKER OF THE CEMETERY GREETING EZRA DEEPLY, THE TOWN UNDERTAKER...

JUST CHECKING... CLEM...JUST CHECKING!

I DIS YUH, EZRA! HAW, HAW!



THAT'S THE WAY IT ALWAYS IS WITH EZRA DEEPLY! THEY KID HIM...JOKE WITH HIM...INSULT HIM! JUST BECAUSE HE'S AN UNDERTAKER...

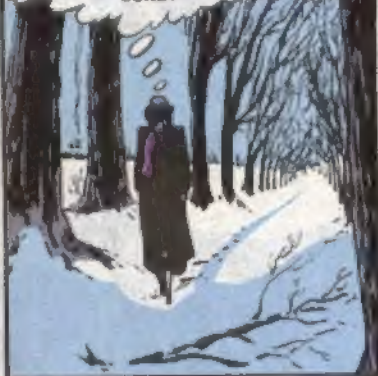
DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN COFFINS, EZRA!

WHY DON'T YOU DROP DEAD, CLEM?



EZRA DEEPLY TAKES A LAST LOOK AROUND THE SNOW-LADEN CEMETERY, TURNS, AND PLODS ON HOME...

THEY HATE ME! ALL OF THEM! THEY DESPISE ME FOR WHAT I AM! WHY...WHY? I DON'T HARM THEM! I JUST... BURY THEM AFTER THEY'RE... GONE!



DOWN THE ROAD, EZRA STOPS BEFORE A RAMSHACKLE HOUSE! HE GAZES UP AT ITS BROKEN SHUTTERS...THE ROTTING SHINGLES...THE LEAKY ROOF...AND THE FADED SIGN THAT READS, 'EZRA DEEPLY, MORTICIAN, FUNERALS ARRANGED'...

THEY'RE ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THAT... THE TOWNSFOLK! THEY'LL DO ANYTHING TO MAKE THINGS DIFFICULT FOR ME...TORMENT ME!



EZRA OPENS THE BATTERED DOOR AND STEPS INSIDE! THE FAINT ODOR OF EMBALMING FLUID MIXED WITH THE SWEET PUNGENCY OF FADED FLOWERS FILLS THE SOLEMN INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE! EZRA HOBBLES THROUGH THE DRAPED ROOMS TO HIS MORTUARY AT THE REAR...

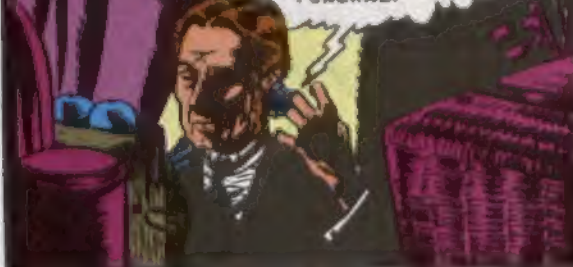
THIS BLASTED COLD WEATHER! ALWAYS CAUSES SHOOTING PAINS IN MY LEG-STUMP...



JUST AS EZRA SINKS WEARILY INTO A CHAIR, THE TELEPHONE RINGS! HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET AND LIMPS OVER TO IT! THE SOBBING VOICE AT THE OTHER END MEANS ONLY ONE THING TO EZRA! BUSINESS...

YES! THIS IS MR. DEEPLY!

THIS...SOB...IS MRS. BRIDGEMAN! MY...SOB...HUSBAND...HAS JUST PASSED AWAY! COULD YOU...COME OUT? I'D LIKE TO SOB...ARRANGE THE... FUNERAL!



BRIDGEMAN? JOHN BRIDGEMAN? THE DENTIST? EZRA DEEPLY'S HEART SKIPS A BEAT! HOW HE HATED JOHN BRIDGEMAN...

I...I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, MRS. BRIDGEMAN! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

INFLUENZA, MR. DEEPLY! THERE'S AN EPIDEMIC IN TOWN!



THE ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE, AND JOHN BRIDGEMAN'S BODY IS BROUGHT TO EZRA'S ESTABLISHMENT! AFTER THE MOURNING WIFE AND RELATIVES LEAVE, EZRA WHEELS THE DECEASED INTO HIS MORTUARY...



YOU... JOHN BRIDGEMAN! YOU HATED ME TOO, BECAUSE OF MY PROFESSION! REMEMBER WHEN I CAME TO YOU WITH -- A CAVITY...

YOU JOKED WITH ME... CHIDED ME...

WELL, WELL! EZRA DEEPLY! WHAT'S COOKING AT THE CREMATORY, EZRA? HAW, HAW!

I... I HAVE A TOOTH-ACHE, DOCTOR!

...AND THEN YOU TOLD ME THE TOOTH WOULD HAVE TO COME OUT!

SORRY, EZRA! I CAN'T GIVE YOU GAS! I'M FRESH OUT! THIS MAY HURT!

I... I'M READY, DOCTOR!



YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE, DIDN'T YOU? YOU DELIBERATELY *HURT* ME! YOU COULD HAVE GIVEN ME NOVOCAIN... SOMETHING... ONLY YOU PREFERRED TO PULL THE TOOTH... *PAINFULLY!* WELL, JOHN BRIDGEMAN, *NOW I CAN GET EVEN!*



THE FUNERAL IS HELD THE NEXT DAY! THE LITTLE GROUP OF MOURNERS STAND ABOUT THE COFFIN AS A BRIEF SERVICE IS HELD IN THE BITING COLD! A LITTLE WAY OFF, EZRA DEEPLY WATCHES...



IF THEY ONLY *KNEW*, JOHN BRIDGEMAN! IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHAT YOU *LOOK LIKE NOW*... WHAT I *DID* TO YOU... TO GET EVEN...

THE SMALL BAND OF BLACK-GLAD PEOPLE MOVES SILENTLY AWAY AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE SERVICE, AND EZRA STEPS FORWARD...



HELP ME GET THE COFFIN TO THAT MAUSOLEUM, CLEM! WE'LL STORE IT THERE TILL THE GROUND THAWS!

WHAT YOU GOING TO DO *NOW*, EZRA? YOU CAN'T BURY THE POOR CRITTER! GROUND'S FROZEN!

EZRA AND CLEM CARRY THE COFFIN TO A MAUSOLEUM! THE NAME CARVED ABOVE THE DOOR IN LARGE LETTERS READS... 'DEEPLY'...



GONNA STORE 'IM IN YOUR OWN MAUSOLEUM, EH, EZRA!

YES! THE FAMILY WILL NEVER KNOW! AND IN THE SPRING, WE'LL BURY HIM!

THE PHONE IS RINGING AS EZRA ENTERS HIS HOUSE! ANOTHER DEATH... FROM INFLUENZA! THE EPIDEMIC IS GETTING SERIOUS...



WHO? WHO DID YOU SAY...?

THE MAYOR, HIMSELF! FREDRICK DUNHILL!

EZRA'S BRAIN REELS! TWO WITHIN A WEEK! TWO OF HIS MOST HATED ENEMIES! FIRST THE SADISTIC DENTIST, JOHN BRIDGEMAN, AND NOW... NOW, FREDRICK DUNHILL, THE MAYOR... THE POLITICIAN... THE THIEF! EZRA'S THOUGHTS GO BACK... BACK TO THAT FATEFUL DAY...

SORRY, MR. DEEPLY! THE MAYOR JUST ISSUED IT! A NEW ORDINANCE! YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE YOUR MORTUARY OUT OF THE TOWN LIMITS!

BUT, HOW CAN I? THIS PROPERTY IS ALL I HAVE! I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY ANOTHER PLACE!



THAT NIGHT, AS EZRA STANDS OVER THE DEAD MAYOR...

YOU FORCED ME OUT... FORCED ME TO SELL SO THAT I HAD TO MOVE TO THIS RUN-DOWN PLACE... FORCED ME TO SELL CHEAP! LATER, I FOUND OUT IT WAS YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW WHO BOUGHT MY PLACE! AND THE TOWN BOUGHT IT FROM HIM THE NEXT YEAR...



HE SPLIT WITH YOU, DIDN'T HE, FREDRICK DUNHILL? YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW SPLIT THE PROFIT WITH YOU! OVER TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! YOU CHEAT! YOU LYING POLITICIAN! DIRTY LIES... DIRTY PROMISES! WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU! I'M GOING TO GET EVEN, NOW!



THE NEXT DAY WHEN MAYOR DUNHILL IS BURIED, EZRA AGAIN WATCHES THE PROCEEDINGS...

LUCKY FOR THEM THEY CAN'T SEE YOU, FREDRICK DUNHILL! LUCKY FOR THEM THEY CAN'T SEE HOW I GOT EVEN!



...AND AFTER THE MOURNERS LEAVE...

GONNA PUT HIM WITH THE OTHER, MR. DEEPLY?

YES, GLEM! C'MON! HELP ME!



SO A SECOND COFFIN IS STORED IN EZRA DEEPLY'S OWN MAUSOLEUM! STORED TILL THE SPRING THAW WHEN IT CAN BE BURIED...

THIS EPIDEMIC'S GOOD FOR BUSINESS, EH, EZRA?

OH SHUT UP, GLEM!



THE THIRD VICTIM OF THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC IS HORACE STREETWALL...THE TOWN BANKER! EZRA IS ELATED! THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! OLD MONEY-BAGS STREETWALL! NOW EZRA HATED HIM! EVER SINCE THE TIME EZRA WENT TO SEE HIM...TO BORROW MONEY...

THE PLACE...IT'S SO RUN-DOWN, MR. STREETWALL! I WAS FORCED TO MOVE TO IT... BUT...

YOU WANT TO BORROW MONEY TO ALTER IT, EH, DEEPLY?

YES, SIR! THE ROOF LEAKS... THE SHINGLES ARE BROKEN AND ROTTED! I...

SORRY, DEEPLY! YOU'RE A POOR RISK! MY ANSWER IS **NO!** GOOD-DAY!

AND SO... WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR EZRA TO EMBALM HORACE STREETWALL'S BODY...

MONEY, STREETWALL! THAT'S ALL YOU THOUGHT ABOUT! MONEY! MONEY WAS YOUR LIFE... YOUR MIND! WELL, NOW YOUR LIFE IS OVER... AND I... I'M GOING TO GET EVEN...

AFTER THE FUNERAL OF THE TOWN BANKER, A THIRD COFFIN IS STORED IN EZRA DEEPLY'S MAUSOLEUM...

GROUND'S STILL FROZEN, EH, EZRA?

YES! HMMM! GETTING CROWDED IN HERE!

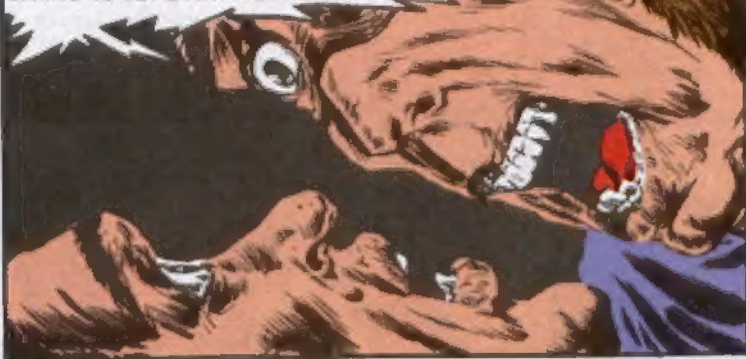
TWO DAYS LATER... EZRA DEEPLY HAD A FOURTH CUSTOMER! A FOURTH VICTIM OF THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC! THIS TIME HE RECEIVED THE NEWS WITH ECSTATIC JOY! HIS WORST ENEMY... HIS VERY WORST... CLAUDE FOWLER... THE MAN WHO HAD AMPUTATED EZRA DEEPLY'S LEG!

DOCTOR FOWLER'S BODY IS BROUGHT TO THE MORTUARY! EZRA LOOKS THE DOOR AFTER THE BOBBING FAMILY LEAVES AND STANDS OVER THE PROSTRATE CORPSE...

BUTCHER! DRUNKEN BUTCHER! REMEMBER ME, DOCTOR FOWLER? REMEMBER EZRA DEEPLY! THE MAN WHOSE LEG YOU NEEDLESSLY AMPUTATED!

YOU CAME TO THE HOSPITAL **DRUNK!** I HAD HAD AN ACCIDENT... SEVERELY INJURED MY LEG! YOU AMPUTATED! YOU **COULD** HAVE SAVED IT... ONLY **NO!** YOU WERE TOO **DRUNK!**... TOO FULL OF **WHISKEY!** INSTEAD... YOU BUTCHER... YOU **CUT IT OFF!** NOW, I'M FORCED TO WEAR AN **ARTIFICIAL LEG!**... **SEE?**

WELL, NOW IT'S *MY* CHANCE, DOCTOR! MY CHANCE TO GET *EVEN*...WITH YOU!



WHEN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVES, THE FOURTH CASKET IS PLACED IN EZRA DEEPLY'S MAUSOLEUM! FOUR CASKETS OF FOUR ENEMIES...UPON WHOM EZRA HAS TAKEN HIS REVENGE...

AIN'T ROOM FOR BUT ONE MORE, EZRA!

IF THE EPIDEMIC KEEPS UP, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!



BUT...UNLUCKILY FOR EZRA DEEPLY, THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC SUBSIDES AND THERE ARE NO MORE DEATHS! EZRA SITS, ONE NIGHT, IN HIS MORTUARY...LAUGHING TO HIMSELF...

HEH, HEH! I FIXED THEM...THE *FOUR* OF THEM! I FIXED THEM *GOOD*!



THE NEXT DAY, AS DOCTOR CLAUDE FOWLER'S FUNERAL IS BEING HELD...

TOO BAD, DOCTOR FOWLER! TOO BAD THEY CAN'T *SEE* YOU AS YOU *REALLY* ARE...AS I'VE *FIXED* YOU!



THE NIGHT HANGS STILL AND DARK OVER THE FROZEN GROUND! DOWN THE ROAD FROM EZRA'S HOUSE, THE CEMETERY LIES IN SILENCE! SUDDENLY, THE QUIET IS SPLIT BY A SAWING SOUND...A SAWING OF WOOD COMING FROM THE MAUSOLEUM MARKED 'DEEPLY'...



THE LID OF THE CASKET IS SAWED OPEN...AND THE CORPSE OF DOCTOR FOWLER RISES! INSTEAD OF HANDS, A SAW AND A BUTCHER KNIFE DANGLE AT ITS SIDES...THE SAW AND THE KNIFE THAT EZRA HAD SEWN THERE...



THE CORPSE MOVES! THE CORPSE OF THE DOCTOR THAT EZRA DEEPLY HAD CALLED A 'DRUNKEN BUTCHER' MOVES FROM ITS CASKET! IT BENDS AND RELEASES THE LIDS ON THE OTHER CASKETS! A SLOSHING AND SPLASHING SOUND COMES FROM THE BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL WHICH EZRA HAD PUT IN THE SPOT WHERE ITS STOMACH HAD BEEN...



IT STANDS OVER THE OTHER THREE COFFINS! IT SEEMS TO BE CALLING THE OCCUPANTS...



THE CORPSE OF HORACE STREETWALL RISES SLOWLY! IT SITS UP IN ITS COFFIN! THE PENNIES IN THE SKULL WHERE THE BRAINS SHOULD BE TINKLE AGAINST EACH OTHER! 'MONEY ON HIS MIND,' EZRA HAD SAID... AND PUT IT THERE...



THE CORPSE OF BANKER STREETWALL GETS SHAKILY TO ITS FEET! A SACK OF PENNIES SWINGS WHERE ITS HEART HAD BEEN... CLINKING AGAINST ITS RIBS...



THE BANKER'S CORPSE STANDS BESIDE THE DOCTOR'S...WAITING...



THEN THE CORPSE OF DENTIST JOHN BRIDGEMAN RISES FROM ITS CASKET! IT GRINS A TOOTHLESS GRIN, SHOWING WHERE EZRA DEEPLY HAD REMOVED ALL OF ITS TEETH! ITS EYES ARE GONE... TORN FROM THEIR SOCKETS! 'NOW, DENTIST BRIDGEMAN HAS TWO CAVITIES IN HIS FACE,' EZRA HAD SAID...



THE THREE MUTILATED CORPSES STAND WAITING AS THE FOURTH CORPSE RISES FROM ITS COFFIN! THE CORPSE OF THE POLITICIAN, FREDRICK DUNHILL...DIRT POURING FROM ITS TONGUELESS MOUTH, BALLOTS STUFFED INTO ITS EARS... GETS TO ITS FEET...



THE COLD MOON SHINES ON THE SNOW-COVERED COUNTRYSIDE! IT ILLUMINATES AN EERIE SIGHT! FOUR DISFIGURED, VIOLATED CORPSES MOVE SLOWLY...STEADILY... DOWN THE ROAD...TO THE MORTUARY...



MANY TOWNSPEOPLE ARE AWAKENED THAT NIGHT BY THE MYSTERICAL SCREAMING AND SHRIEKING THAT COMES FROM EZRA DEEPLY'S HOUSE! WHEN THEY INVESTIGATE, THE NEXT MORNING

PLACE IS A SHAMBLES!

LOOKS LIKE THERE'S BEEN A GOOD FIGHT HERE! BUT WHERE'S EZRA DEEPLY? THERE'S NO TRACE OF HIM!



GLEM BODKIN, THE CEMETERY CARETAKER, RUSHES INTO THE MORTUARY! HE IS PALE, HIS EYES WIDE IN TERROR...
COME QUICKLY! I... I FOUND HIM! WHERE, GLEM? I MEAN...WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM? WHAT HAPPENED?



GLEM HAD LOOKED IN EZRA'S MAUSOLEUM! HE HAD NOTICED THERE WERE FIVE, NOT FOUR, COFFINS! HE HAD FOUND EZRA IN THE FIFTH...

WHAT ARE THOSE OTHER COFFINS DOING HERE?

GROUND'S BEEN FROZEN! COULDN'T BURY 'EM! BUT LOOK WHAT EZRA'S DONE TO THE BODIES INSIDE!



THE MEN LOOKED! THEY OPENED EACH COFFIN! THE DENTIST WITH HIS TEETH PULLED OUT CAVITIES FOR EYES! THE BANKER WITH PENNIES IN HIS SKULL INSTEAD OF BRAINS... THE OTHERS...

MAD, I SAY! EZRA DEEPLY MUST HAVE BEEN MAD!

THAT'S NOTHING HERE! HE'S IN THIS ONE...



THE MEN CROWDED ABOUT AS GLEM OPENED THE FIFTH COFFIN... EZRA'S...

GOOD LORD!

OUGH-H!

GULP!



HOW...HOW HORRIBLE! BUT NOW...WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE DID THIS TO HIM?

MAYBE MAYBE THEY DID IN REVENGE!



HEE, HEE! WELL? LIKE IT? FEEL A LITTLE SICK? REMEMBER THE OLD SAYING...HE WHO LAUGHS LAST LAUGHS BEST? WELL...IN EZRA'S CASE, NOBODY LAUGHED! WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY DID TO EZRA? WHAT'S THE MOST HORRIBLE

THING YOU CAN THINK OF? HEE, HEE! THAT'S IT! READY FOR MORE? THEN I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE VAULT-KEEPER! G'BYE, NOW!

OH, BY THE WAY! LOOK FOR MY 'HAUNT OF FEAR' IN GRIME!



THE VAULT OF HORROR!

SO I SEE IT IS TIME ONCE MORE FOR ME TO TELL YOU A TALE FROM MY COLLECTION OF HORROR STORIES THAT I KEEP HERE IN THE VAULT. WELL, THIS TIME YOUR MAINT-KEEPER TELLS YOU A TALE THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS TO YOU! YOU ARE THE MAIN CHARACTER! YOU LIVE THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE EVERY CHILLING MINUTE! I CALL THIS SPINE-TINGLER

SO THEY FINALLY PINNED YOU DOWN!



YOU RUN MADLY DOWN THE DESERTED STREET! THE LIGHT FROM A DISTANT LAMP-POST CASTS YOUR HUGE, ELONGATED SHADOW ALONG THE GREY SIDEWALK! THEY'RE AFTER YOU! YOU CAN HEAR THEIR VOICES ECHOING OFF THE FACES OF THE DARK SILENT BUILDINGS BEHIND YOU! YOU'RE TIRED BREATHLESS!

ALMOST GASP ALMOST THERE! ANOTHER GASP. MINUTE AND I'LL BE GASP SAFE



THEIR HEAVY, CLATTERING FOOT-
STEPS ARE NEARER NOW! YOU TURN
THE CORNER... THE FAMILIAR
CORNER...

ONE MORE... BLOCK!
ONE... GASP... MORE



YOU HURL YOURSELF DOWN THE
STONE STEPS... THE STEPS THAT
YOU HAVE COME DOWN SO MANY
TIMES... THE STEPS TO YOUR
BASEMENT HOME...

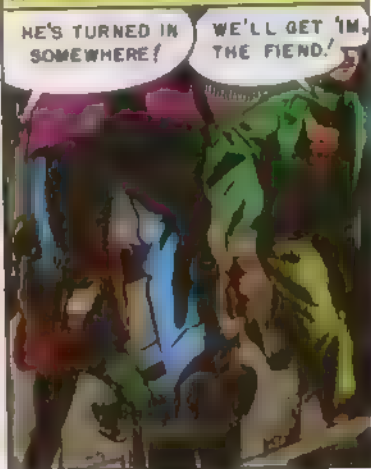
THEY'LL NEVER FIND
ME... NOW! NEVER...



IT IS DARK! YOU LIE QUIETLY,
SCARCELY BREATHING! YOU CAN
HEAR THEIR CLUMSY FOOTSTEPS
RUNNING BY IN THE STREET ABOVE
... THEIR ANGRY SHOOTING...

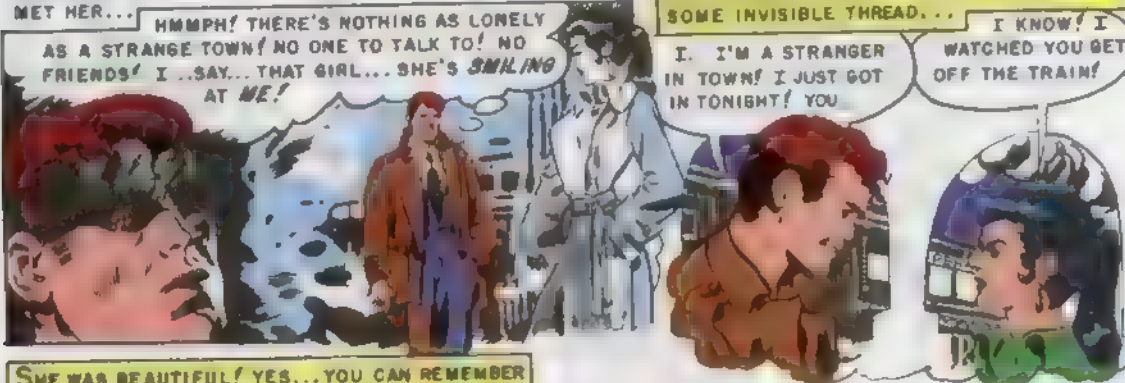
HE'S TURNED IN
SOMEWHERE!

WE'LL GET 'IM,
THE FIEND!



YOU FEEL WARM... SAFE NOW! YOU'RE HOME... BACK WHERE YOU
BELONG! THEY CAN'T HARM YOU HERE! YOU RELAX! YOU
STRETCH OUT COMFORTABLY AND RELAX! A MILLION THOUGHTS
RACE WILDLY THROUGH YOUR MIND! A MILLION THOUGHTS
RACE BACK... BACK TO THE BEGINNING... TO WHEN YOU FIRST
MET HER...

HMMH! THERE'S NOTHING AS LONELY
AS A STRANGE TOWN! NO ONE TO TALK TO! NO
FRIENDS! I... SAY... THAT GIRL... SHE'S SMILING
AT ME!



SHE STOOD THERE IN THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP
... SWEETLY... DEMURELY! HER EYES FLASHED
WITH A FIRE... A STRANGE MYSTERIOUS FIRE!
YOU MOVED TOWARD HER... AS IF DRAWN BY
SOME INVISIBLE THREAD...

I... I'M A STRANGER
IN TOWN! I JUST GOT
IN TONIGHT! YOU

I KNOW! I
WATCHED YOU GET
OFF THE TRAIN!

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL! YES... YOU CAN REMEMBER
THAT! SHE LOOKED INTO YOUR EYES AND YOUR
HEART POUNDED IN YOUR CHEST! HER LIPS WERE
FULL AND RED! WHEN SHE SPOKE, THEY TOUCHED
AND SEEMED TO CLING FOR A MOMENT, RELUCTANT
TO BE PARTED ONCE MORE...

YOU... YOU'LL BE LOOKING
FOR A PLACE TO STAY?

WELL, AS A
MATTER OF FACT...
I DO NEED A ROOM!



SHE TOOK YOU BY THE HAND! HER JET BLACK HAIR
SHIMMERED AS A BREEZE LAZILY CARESSED IT! YOU
WENT WITH HER! YOU COULD NOT RESIST HER...

I LIVE... DOWN THERE!

BUT... I CAN'T... MOVE
IN ON YOU! I...



MILLIONS OF LITTLE THOUGHTS RACE THROUGH YOUR MIND! YOU LIE THERE... AND THINK! BUT YOU CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER CLEARLY! YOU OBJECTED! YOU REMEMBER THAT! YOU DIDN'T WANT TO IMPOSE! SHE SHOOK HER HEAD! SHE PRESSED CLOSE TO YOU. HER FULL RED LIPS SO NEAR... SO NEAR...



I-I

KISS ME

YOU LOOKED ABOUT! IT WAS A DARK, DISMAL PLACE SHE HAD TAKEN YOU TO! TWO DAYS... TWO WHOLE DAYS YOU HAD SLEPT! WHAT HAD SHE DONE TO YOU? YOU WENT OUT... UP THE STONE STEPS TO THE STREET...

GOT TO FIND HER! GOT... TO...



WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT? THERE'S WHERE THE BLANKS BEGIN! THOSE PAUSES... THOSE DARK PLACES IN YOUR LINE OF THOUGHTS BEGAN THERE! YOU CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THE REST OF THAT NIGHT... OR THE WHOLE NEXT DAY! BUT THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, YOU AWOKO TO FIND...

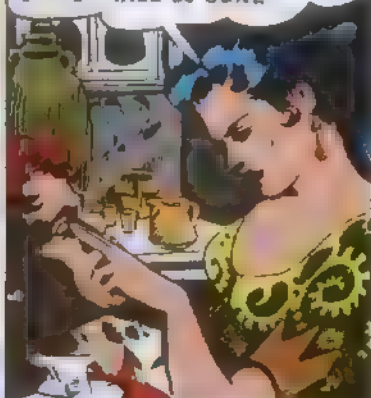


YOU' BUT I MUST HAVE SLEPT!

I STAYED AN EXTRA DAY... FOR YOU!

YOU FELT WEAK! YOU TRIED TO RISE! SHE BENT AND KISSED YOU! SHE TOUCHED YOUR EYELIDS GENTLY

SLEEP SLEEP, MY DEAR! TOMORROW YOU WILL FEEL STRONGER! TOMORROW YOU WILL BE READY! AND I I WILL BE GONE!



AGAIN YOU SLEPT! A DEAD, DREAMLESS SLEEP! WHEN YOU AWOKO IT WAS NIGHT AGAIN! ANOTHER DAY HAD GOME AND GONE! AND SHE THE DARK GIRL WITH THE FIERY EYES... SHE. SHE'S GONE, TOO!



YOU SEARCHED EVERYWHERE! YOU LOOKED IN BARS, BACK ROOMS, NIGHT CLUBS, JUKE-BOX JOINTS.

NAAH! I AIN'T SEEN ANY BROAD FITTIN' THAT DESCRIPTION! BUT I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO...

THANKS, ANYWAY!



YOU WENT ON... ON! A HATRED GREW WITHIN YOU! AS THE NIGHT DRAGGED ON IT INFECTED, FESTERED! SHE'D DRUGGED YOU! ROBBED YOU! YOU HATED HER... HATED HER! SUDDENLY

THERE. THERE SHE IS!



YOU RAN TO HER! YOU WERE HOT...HOT WITH RAGE!
AND THE OTHER FEELING...THE **STRANGE** FEELING
...THE CRAVING WAS STRONG, TOO! A CRAVING FOR...
FOR **SOMETHING!** BUT YOU KNEW NOT **WHAT...**



YOU HAD MADE A MISTAKE! A HORRIBLE MISTAKE! YOU
HAD KILLED THE **WRONG GIRL!** YOU RAN, TERRIFIED,
FROM THE SCENE! YOU RAN UNTIL YOU COULD RUN
NO MORE! THEN, YOU CAME TO THEM! YOU WERE
GASPING FOR BREATH! YOU WERE TIRED, AND THEY
WERE BEFORE YOU...THE **STEPS...**



YOU STEPPED UP TO THE BOX OFFICE!
YOU REACHED INTO YOUR POCKET!
YOU HAD FORGOTTEN! SHE HAD
TAKEN YOUR MONEY! YOU STOOD
THERE... FRUSTRATED... ANGRY...



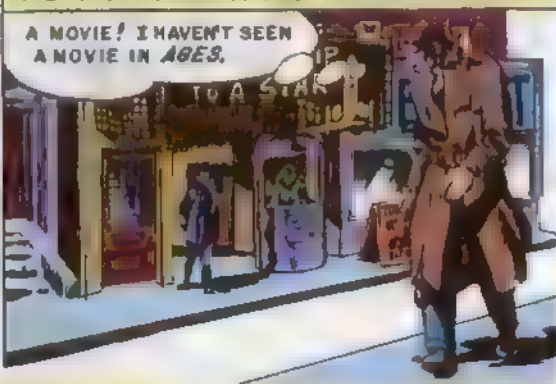
THEN YOU SAW HER! SHE WAS
COMING OUT OF THE MOVIE! **SHE**
HAD SEEN THE PICTURE! SHE'D
SEEN IT... WITH **YOUR MONEY...**



ANOTHER BLANK SPOT! THEY BECOME MORE FRE-
QUENT, NOW! WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT DID YOU DO TO
HER? THE NEXT THING YOU CAN REMEMBER IS STAND-
ING OVER HER... LOOKING DOWN! BUT HER FACE... HER
FACE HAD CHANGED! YOU WERE NO LONGER ANGRY...
AND THE CRAVING WAS GONE...



YOU REMEMBER THE SKY GETTING LIGHT WITH THE
COMING DAWN! YOU WENT DOWN THE STEPS! YOU WENT
INSIDE! AND THEN, THERE'S ANOTHER OF THOSE
DARK PLACES! PERHAPS YOU SLEPT AGAIN! PER-
HAPS NOT! THE NEXT THING YOU CAN REMEMBER IS
THE FLASHING LIGHTS...THE THEATER MARQUEE...



YOU TRAILED HER! THE RAGE
WITHIN YOU WAS A ROARING STORM
WHEN SHE FINALLY TURNED INTO
A DESERTED STREET! AND THAT
CRAVING... THAT **STRANGE CRAVING...**



ANOTHER BLANK! ANOTHER SPACE OF TIME YOU CAN'T REMEMBER! AS YOU LIE THERE QUIETLY...LISTENING... YOU TRY TO RECALL! BUT YOU CANNOT! THE NEXT THING YOU CAN REMEMBER IS STANDING OVER HER... NOT ANGRY...NOT CRAVING...JUST TIRED...



YES! YOU REMEMBER *THAT!* THE WRONG WOMAN... *AGAIN!* YOU TURNED! A CAR WAS COMING ALONG THE STREET! YOU FLED DOWN A BLACK ALLEY...



YOU RAN! YOU RAN UNTIL YOU HAD NO MORE STRENGTH IN YOUR LEGS! AND THEN YOU WERE THERE... THERE, WHERE THE STEPS WENT DOWN...



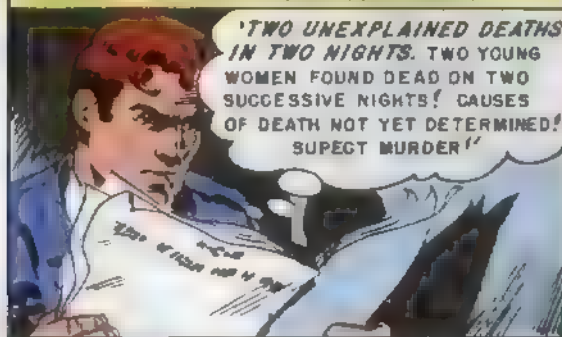
ANOTHER OF THOSE MEMORY BLANKS! YOU MUST HAVE SLEPT AGAIN! IT WAS NIGHT ONCE MORE WHEN YOU CAME TO...



YOU REACHED INTO YOUR POCKET! THE MONEY...YOU'D FORGOTTEN! YOU STARED AT THE HEADLINES... STUTTERING...



YOU TOOK THE PAPER! THE BOY LOOKED AT YOU WITH CONTEMPT, BUT YOU TOOK IT ANYWAY! THE HEADLINES...THE HEADLINES HAD CAUGHT YOUR EYE...



YOU CRUSHED THE PAPER INTO A GRINKLED BALL AND FLUNG IT TO THE GROUND! IT CALLED *YOU* A DANGEROUS KILLER...



ONCE AGAIN YOU STALKED THE TOWN. SEARCHING FOR HER. YOU SAW HER ONLY THIS TIME YOU HAD TO BE SURE! YOU STOLE UP BEHIND HER AND... IT IS YOU THIS

A-G-G-G-H!

TIME! I'M SURE! I'VE HAD A GOOD LOOK!



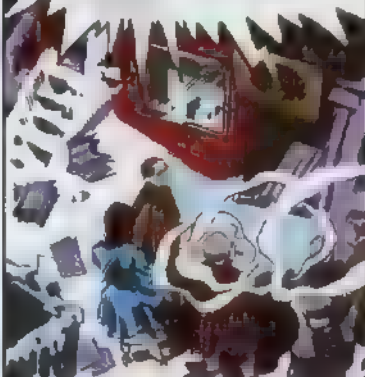
AGAIN! AGAIN YOU KILLED THE WRONG GIRL! THEY ALL LOOKED ALIKE TO YOU BEFORE... THEY ALL LOOKED LIKE HER! BUT AFTER

I... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



THE ROUND EXPRESSIONLESS FACE OF THE LOUDSPEAKER OVER THE DOORWAY TO THE RADIO STORE RASPED IN AN EAR-SPLITTING CRY...

...AND LAST NIGHT THE KILLER'S THIRD VICTIM WAS DISCOVERED IN AN EMPTY LOT! AN AUTOPSY SHOWED THAT SHE TOO DIED IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE PREVIOUS TWO VICTIMS...



THE VOICE COMING FROM THE LOUDSPEAKER CONTINUED! IT RAMBLED ON ABOUT THE MURDERS! YOU STUDIED THE FACES AROUND YOU! THEN YOU SAW HER... IT'S HER!

DOCTOR ALEX FARNSWORTH HAS DECLARED THAT THERE IS NO FOUNDATION FOR THIS THEORY! HOWEVER...

THIS TIME IT IS HER!



ANOTHER STORM OF ANGER AND THAT STRANGE GRAYING! A BLANK... AND THEN IT WAS OVER! THE GRAVING WAS SATISFIED! YOU WIPED YOUR MOIST FACE...

NOW... NOW I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP! I'VE... I'VE... OH, LORD... NO!



YOU REMEMBER IT WELL NOW! THAT WAS LAST NIGHT, AS YOU LIE THERE IN THE DARKNESS, SAFE FROM YOUR PURSUERS, YOU TRY TO REMEMBER TONIGHT... WHAT HAPPENED! YOU HAD FOUND YOURSELF WALKING... WALKING...

CROWD AROUND RADIO STORE! THINK I'LL MOSEY OVER AND LISTEN!



YOU HID BEHIND A FAT MAN AND WATCHED! SHE WAS LISTENING INTENTLY TO THE GORY DETAILS! FINALLY, SHE LEFT! YOU FOLLOWED HER! YOU HAD A FAINT SUSPICION THAT AFTER IT WOULD BE OVER... AFTER THAT STRANGE GRAVING WAS SATISFIED... SHE'D BE SOMEONE ELSE! YET YOU FOLLOWED HER! YOU MUST HAVE MADE A SLIGHT NOISE, FOR SHE TURNED AND...



THEY HAD HEARD HER SCREAM! THEY CAME RUNNING! YOU HAD HAD TO RUN... TO ESCAPE! NOW, YOU ARE LYING IN THE DARK... AND YOU CAN HEAR THEIR FOOTSTEPS IN THE STREET ABOVE...

WHAT WAS THAT THE MAN ON THE RADIO SAID... ABOUT THE VICTIMS' **BLOOD** BEING **DRAINED** FROM THEIR **BODIES**?

YOU TRY TO GET UP! THE HEAVY FOOTFALLS... COMING DOWN THE STONE STEPS...

THEY... **FOLLOWED** ME... TO MY **RESTING** PLACE!

THE DOOR... THE POUNDING... SMASHING... SPLINTERING...

SHE DID IT! **SHE** MADE ME A **VAMPIRE**! THAT **GIRL**... THAT **NIGHT**...

'THE WORK OF A VAMPIRE!' THE RADIO HAD BLARED! YOU LOOK AROUND! A **VAMPIRE**? IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE? THE LIGHT OF DAWN IS BEGINNING TO STREAM IN THE CELLAR WINDOW...

GOOD LORD! I... I'M LYING IN A **COFFIN**!

THEY RUSH AT YOU! YOU LIE BACK IN YOUR COFFIN, GRIMACING! THEY STARE DOWN AT YOU... THEIR OUTRAGED EYES SHINING IN THE TORCH LIGHT...

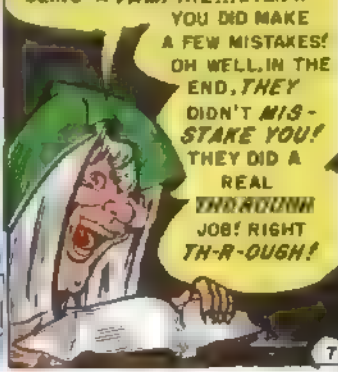
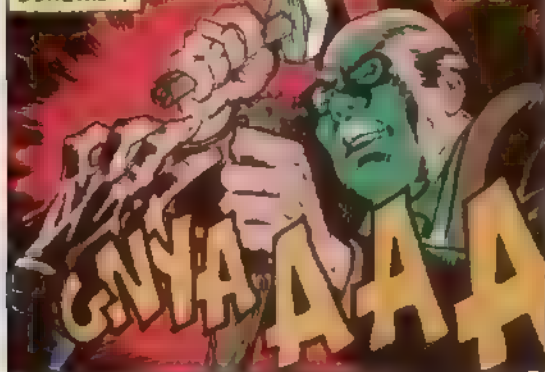
SOMEONE... GIMME THE **STAKE**...

THE FAT-FACED FLABBY ONE LEANS OVER YOU! YOU CANNOT RISE! THE GRAVING... THE GRAVING FOR BLOOD WENT UNSATISFIED TONIGHT! YOU ARE **WEAK**! YOU CANNOT PUSH THE **STAKE** ASIDE AS HE PLACES THE POINT UPON YOUR CHEST! WHEN HE TAKES THE IRON Mallet AND LIFTS IT HIGH, YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH... AND AS THE Mallet FALLS... **YOU SCREAM**...

YOU'LL REMEMBER THE END THE TEARING OF FLESH... THE CRUNCHING OF BONE... THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN AS THE STAKE DIGS INTO YOUR THROBBING HEART! AND LASTLY **SHE**... THERE IN THE CROWD... SMILING AT YOU... THEN LAUGHING, LAUGHING, AND HER LAUGHTER WILL FOLLOW YOU INTO THE BLACKNESS!

HEH, HEH! WELL, THAT'S MY TALE, FIENDS! AND A **PIERCING FINISH** IT HAD, TOO! I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOURSELF... BEING A **VAMPIRE**... EVEN IF

YOU DID MAKE A FEW MISTAKES! OH WELL, IN THE END, THEY DIDN'T **MIS-STAKE** YOU! THEY DID A REAL **THROUHHH** JOB! RIGHT **TH-R-OUGH!**



THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppl

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear OW,

My name is Tony Lewandowski. I am 12 years old. I have a lot of your mags. Here is a reprint picture of you from HAUNT 4. I'm your #1 fan. Bye now, and sweet nightmares. [or] I'm your #1 fan by now. And, sweet nightmares

Tony Lewandowski

Oak Forest IL

So, Tony, I couldn't easily read the last sentence of your letter but I'm thinking it's one of the two versions I printed above.

Oh, no, Tony! I'm not going to run that picture! I don't take a good picture. My hair was a mess. I look too fat! I look too old! I had my eye shut (No, the other one)! —OW

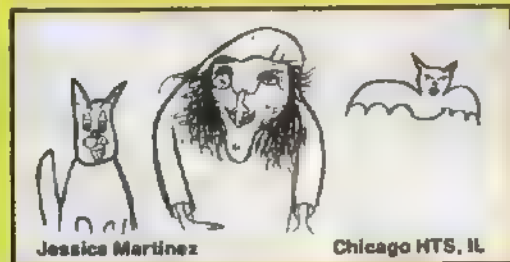
Dear Russ,

Thanks for another great set of stories here in HAUNT #5! I really enjoy these old stories. I wasn't around the first time these comics came out, though I have heard much of them in the years since I started reading comics. The historical significance of these comics is rather important to me, inasmuch as these were featured in the testimony before Congress, so much, as well as Bill Gaines' testimony. Thanks for putting these stories out for the younger folks to read. It's good for them to see stories with a real literary slant to them, and not just fight tests from cover to cover. Until next time

Carl Pietrantonio

Laredo, TX

Still and all, Carl, I like a little fight from time to time, myself! —OW



Jessica Martinez

Chicago HTS, IL

Last issue, I printed a letter from Jessica. She sent me a little drawing of me, but I didn't have room for it then. Here it is now, and I'm proud to devote an inch of my Niche to Jessica! —OW

Dear Russ,

I wrote to you when I was in the fourth and fifth grade. Now I'm in the sixth grade, and I'm still writing to you. You never did answer any of my letters, all I got back was some pages out of some comic books. The only thing I ever got from you that I wanted was a catalog. If you read this letter PLEASE ANSWER IT!! If you send me anything please don't let it be a newsletter. I hate those things! The first time I wrote to you, I was reading VAULT and it said that if I wrote to you I would get a free real picture of the Vault-Keeper. This is about the fourth time I wrote to you and I still don't have a picture!!! You COULD write at least five lines.

Dwayne L. Heath

Detroit MI

Aw, Dwayne! Have a heart, sweetie! We love you, in our warped way, and have run a letter from you in W FAN 3 and another in CRYPT 5, and the notorious 'Dangerbreed Man' drawing you did in FINE ARTS #8 (which ran in W FAN 5 and 2FIST 5); but without a street address on your letters we here in GhouLunatic Central couldn't let you know! I see your address has been taped to THIS letter, so I can get in touch with you this time. But, repeat after me, FEARfolk: "I will put my address on my letters (and drawings)." Remember, we won't PRINT your address without your okay.

Secondly, I'll take this opportunity for my annual reminder that the original 1950s offer of actual GhouLunatic Photos was mentioned at the end of a few of the stories reprinted in the defunct 84-pg reprint comics of a few years ago and not edited out. We meant to do NEW photos in the future, but the future hasn't got here yet. We'll be in touch.

—OW

Dear OW

I just happily finished this month's EC selection, and was browsing through Overstreet trying to figure out why INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION is worth more than WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY, when I encountered an entry which caused me to look back at the comics I had just finished.

HAUNT OF FEAR...5 - Injury to eye panel, pg 4

Being the completist I am, I looked at page 4 (and 3 and 2 and 1) of your HAUNT OF FEAR 5: no injury to eye panel! Now, I really am not an absolutist on admiring injury to eye panels, but I do have one question: Who screwed up, you or Overstreet?

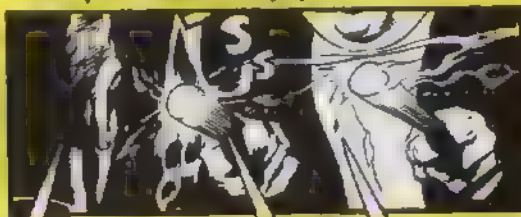
Bob La Tremouille

875 Massachusetts AV #31

Cambridge, MA 02139

Injury to eye panels are one of my obsessions, as you can well see (but I can't!). My latest Overstreet "Price Guide" is from 1987, and it doesn't mention any injury panels in HAUNT. This must be a later edition, I think.

Now, you legal-types out there tell me, what constitutes an official injury panel? Below is the detail from HAUNT 5, page 12 (page 4 of 2nd story, "Horror in the Freak Tent!"), panel 5. Not being a 3D comic, it's hard to judge, but the white-hot poker is several inches away from the victim's eye. Panel 5 takes place AFTER the injury.



EYE (OBSCURED)

POKER

VISINE STAIN

Either way, it was an eye-ful thing to happen! That guy was out of look, for sure! —OW

Dear Old Witch, Mistress of the Haunt of Fear,

I really like your magazine. I also like CRIME SHOCK, VAULT, WSCI, and CRYPT, but yours is the best. The first HAUNT I read was #3, and the best story was "Nightmare!" I also like the story you did in CRIME #4 But I am a newcomer to EC so I have a few questions like

- 1) Who is Bracketmouth/boy/Ed?
 - 2) Is Dr. deRange a GhouLunatic?
 - 3) On the TV show of CRYPT, I saw "Dig That Cat He's Real Gone!" When will that comic be in your magazine?
 - 4) Random House Publishers put out a CRYPT book. It shows pictures from the comic books. Is this "official"?
- When I started reading EC Comics my sister joined n. then my Dad, now my Grandma! Keep up the good work! I hope this gets into HAUNT Hauntingly Yours.

Peter Hayes

Santa Clara, CA

By the numbers:

1) Turn to page one of this comic. Look at the first panel. See the character at the bottom (No, the other one, the one with the long upper lip. THAT's the one)? That's Ed Anon, our pencil-sharpening, word-processing, errand-running factotumoid! I live in the Haunt of Fear, near the Crypt of Terror and the Vault of Horror; he lives right next door in the Urn of Burial. [Oh, I do not! —Ed]

2) Doctor Homer ("Dreamy") deRange, esteemed French-extraction para-scientist, and guru of our SF titles (WEIRD SCIENCE, WEIRD FANTASY and WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY; clever with words, these science-people!) letter columns, is not officially a GhouLunatic. He is here while on sabbatical from Memison College, where he is head of the Necroepistolary Department. (Confidentially, I have a crush on him. And he has the bruises to prove it!)

3) "Dig..." will be in HAUNT 21. Which no one has reprinted before so you'll just have to wait (Hee-hee!).

4) Random House's "Crypt" books are indeed official, and geared for the younger set. They feature original panels and NEW art by that big tall drink of country creek water, Jack Davis.

5) Whoops! You didn't have a number 5!

Glad to hear EC is multigenerational at your house, Peter. 'Home is where the HAUNT is!' —OW

NEXT ISSUE



This month: WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY #6 and CRIME #6. Next month: The 7th issues of CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED! Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details!)

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, \$3 each (subject to availability) AND others up thru issue #3, \$1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, \$2 each. Add \$8 per order (\$10 outside US) for S&H.

We want letters! Write to:
HAUNT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 488
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
HAUNT OF FEAR #6 (MAR/APR 1981)

COVER by Johnny Craig
A Strange Undertaking
So They Finally Pinned You Down!
A Grave Gag!
Cheese That's Horrible!

Graham Ingels
Wally Wood
Jack Kamen
Jack Davis

We welcome letters in comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters, to do so we need your address on the individual letter.

THE OLD WITCH'S CARTOON CAULDRON

The Crypt-Keeper that he pulled a fast one on me in my last issue, stealing a bit of my lettercolumn for an excerpt from his FINE ART page! But O! Bow-Legs didn't get away with it (Someone SNITCHED on you, Crypto! Not mentioning any names, but his initials are VKI). Just to get even, I sneaked over to the Crypt and SPIRITED away these GHOSTLY GRAPHICS to share with you, my little FEARfans!

—OW



All these HAUNTED HORRORS are by William Pearson, Rutland, VT.

—OW

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FAN CLUB NEWS

PRESENTED BY
THE VAULT-KEEPER



We're not an actual CLUB (more like a BAT; vampire, that is!), but here we exchange shots and info on our favorite subject...ME! Er, I mean, EC!! —VK

Dear Russ,

I'd like to start off by saying I'll try to keep this one short but it's hard to I love writing you and EC fans.

Back in 1974 when East Coast Comix was [doing EC] reprints, were there more than twelve comics in the East Coast set? In reprint #12 it said East Coast was going to print another six issues and would continue to reprint more if things work out with the sales of them. As far as I knew there were twelve. While we're on the East Coast subject I would also like to know if you might have or know where I might be able to obtain some of the merchandise that was advertised in the East Coast reprints which were the EC cover posters (CRYPT #38 and VAULT #32), the hard cover "EC Horror Library," the EC Portfolios, the SQUA TRONT magazines MONSTER TIMES #10 and the 1972 EC convention book [EC LIVES!]. Was there ever a title from EC called TALES FROM SPACE?

Robert Borruso

Staten Island, NY

Yep! An even dozen issues from East Coast Comix, Inc., during the 70s. The indicia listed the series as "E.C. Classic Reprint." Without that little walk in the sun, we might have forgotten how to ambulate! East Coast solicited for subscriptions of 8-issue spans, thus the "print another six issues" concept you inferred from their final issue. They did announce the contents of the projected #13 (WEIRD FANTASY #9) and maybe advertised it, I forget.

We have certain issues from that series available for sale! See the listing below. For completeness' sake, I list here the contents of the balance of the line.

#1, CRYPT OF TERROR #1 (TALES FROM THE CRYPT #46); #2, WEIRD SCIENCE #15 (1952); #3, SHOCK #6.

We DO NOT have copies of the above listing available for sale! Check the box BELOW for that!

Who can help Robert locate copies of the other EC goodies he wants?

I can't think of a TALES FROM SPACE from anyone, let alone EC, not even an Annual or a Canadian reprint. (I did discover a Canadian reprint of CRIME titled WEIRD SUSPENSSTORIES, tho; neat, huh?) —VK

\$15 each:

#3 (SHOCK #12)

#5 (WEIRD FANTASY #13, 1952)

#7 (VAULT #28)

#10 (HAUNT #23)

#4 (HAUNT #12)

#6 (CRIME #25)

#8 (TWO-FISTED #34)

\$10 each:

#11 (WEIRD SCIENCE #12, actually #1 from 1950)

#12 (SHOCK #2)

When ordering please identify as EAST COAST ??? (for example, EAST COAST #3). Add \$5 per order S&H (\$10 outside US).

Dear EC,

I would like to be a part of a great fan club, it would be something very special to me. I've been reading EC's since the 70s, when the old MADs were reprinted in MAD SPECIALs. I wish that I still had them but, unfortunately,

they are gone I now have an old hardcover, 'The Ridiculously Expensive MAD' that reprints the superhero parodies from the 50s MAD

I became aware of the horror stuff from FAMOUS MONSTERS ads. I then read about them in, of all things, Stephen King books. "Danse Macabre" and "The Boogeyman" from "Night Shift" gave descriptions of stories drawn by Graham Ingels and Jack Davis. The King movie, "Creepshow," of course, was an EC horror comic-influenced production.

Then came the HBO TV show version of CRYPT that definitely revived the interest to read EC comics. I like the way that Gladstone put the 64-page books out CRYPT backed with CRIME, VAULT with HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE/FANTASY, etc. The problem was that they weren't well-printed. The colors were sort of faded and the type wasn't very clear. Still, they were a great way to be introduced to the comics.

The Cochran [64-page] reprints of the following year were somewhat better than the Gladstone ones. But they didn't feature the covers for the second bonus issue inside. That was corrected by the 5th and 6th issues though, and the color, type, and printing in general were very well done. A marvelous improvement. Although the premiere issue of CRYPT was done as an awful yet collectible blow up edition.

The third time around is fantastic in that you can see them chronologically done.

My favorite artists are Wally Wood, Jack Davis, Al Williamson and Johnny Craig. My favorite tales are "Radioactive Child!" by Harvey Kurtzman, "Ambush!" by Davis and "Flying Machine" by B. Krigein.

Some of these people are no longer with us now, but their work lives on in these incredible reprints. I don't know if you have any info on some of the other books like IMPACT or SADDLE JUSTICE. Like, who drew the issues, the man staff, who wrote what? Krigein wrote and drew the IMPACT story "Master Race" and Jack Kamen drew most of the PSYCHOANALYSIS yarns. Any more details and facts would be fine. Maybe a reader would like to write to me and fill me in.

I am interested in an old book titled "EC Horror Library," dated 1973. It featured various stories from the ECs. And are the SQUA TRONT fanzines still available?

William Pearson

Rutland, VT

Whoa! I LIRED the tabloid-sized XL CRYPT #1 (\$5+ S&H as listed in the EAST COAST info, this page)! Even tho I didn't get my shot at the BIG TIME (that was the only issue)!

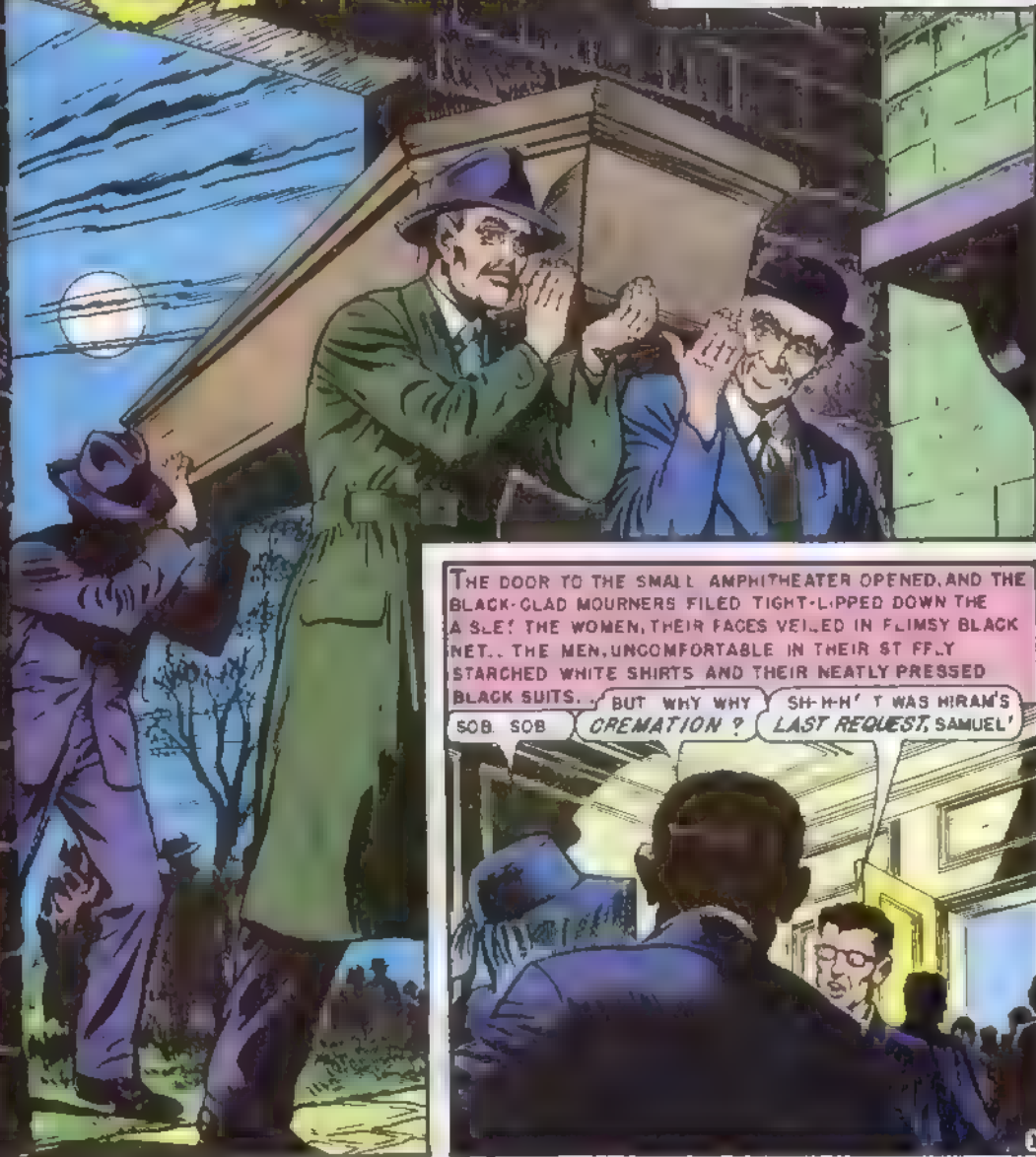
Russ Cochran has reprinted New Direction in hardback, and hardback Pre-Trends like SADDLE JUSTICE are in the works. A quick correction; Al Feldstein wrote (and had lettered!) a 5-pg "Master Race," Krigein expanded it to an 8-pg; Kamen did all (4) issues of PSYCHOANALYSIS.

Write to this department like so: FAN CLUB NEWS, RUSS COCHRAN, POB 459, WEST PLAINS, MO 65778.

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and no one should write you, clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters to us so we need your address on the individual letter.

HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE TALE
FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT! I CALL IT...

A CRAVE GAG!!



THE DOOR TO THE SMALL AMPHITHEATER OPENED, AND THE BLACK-GLAD MOURNERS FILED TIGHT-LIPPED DOWN THE A SLE! THE WOMEN, THEIR FACES VEILED IN FLIMSY BLACK NET... THE MEN, UNCOMFORTABLE IN THEIR ST FFY STARCHED WHITE SHIRTS AND THEIR NEATLY PRESSED BLACK SUITS...

SOB. SOB

BUT WHY WHY
CREMATION?

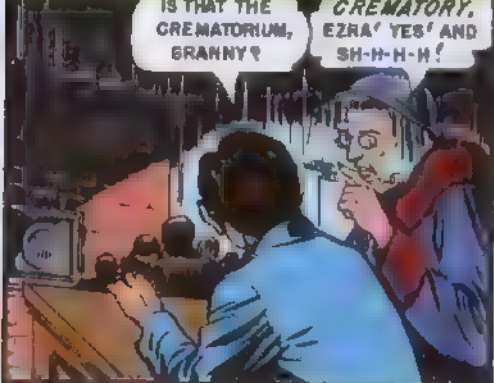
SH-H-H' T WAS HIRAM'S
LAST REQUEST, SAMUEL!



FINALLY, THEY WERE ALL SEATED ON THE UNCOMFORTABLE STRAIGHT-BACKED BENCHES 'BEFORE THEM, THE COFFIN OF THE DECEASED RESTED SILENTLY ON THE TRACK OF ROLLERS THAT RAN TOWARD THE BLACK DOOR IN THE BRICK WALL.

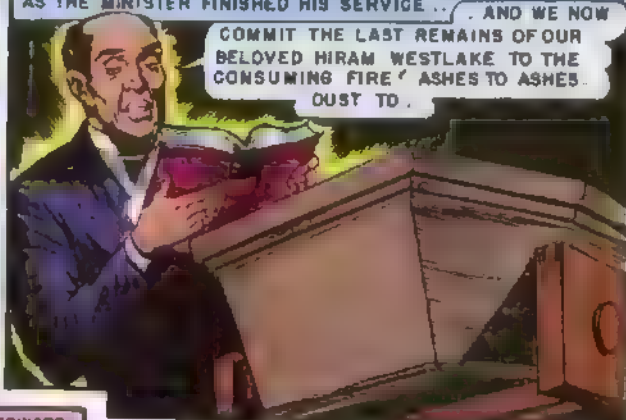
IS THAT THE
CREMATORIUM,
GRANNY?

CREMATORY,
EZRA! YES! AND
SH-H-H-H!



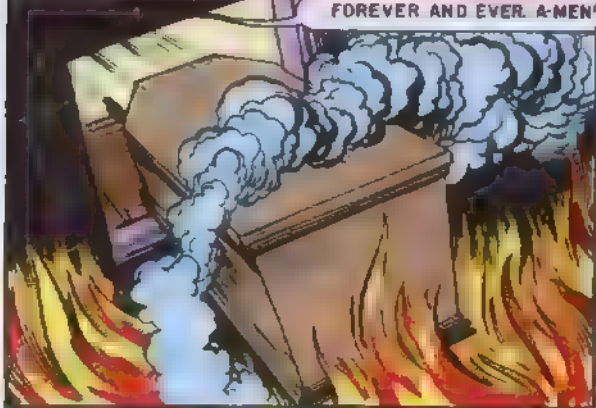
THE FAMILY OF HIRAM WESTLAKE SAT STIFFLY, AS A MINISTER REGITED A SIMPLE SERVICE 'HIRAM WESTLAKE HAD BEEN ONE OF FIVE BROTHERS! FOUR OF THEM HAD GOTTEN MARRIED AND RAISED LARGE FAMILIES! THE FIFTH REMAINED SINGLE 'HIRAM HAD BEEN THE FIRST TO DIE' AS THE MINISTER FINISHED HIS SERVICE ... AND WE NOW

COMMIT THE LAST REMAINS OF OUR
BELOVED HIRAM WESTLAKE TO THE
CONSUMING FIRE 'ASHES TO ASHES.
DUST TO DUST.

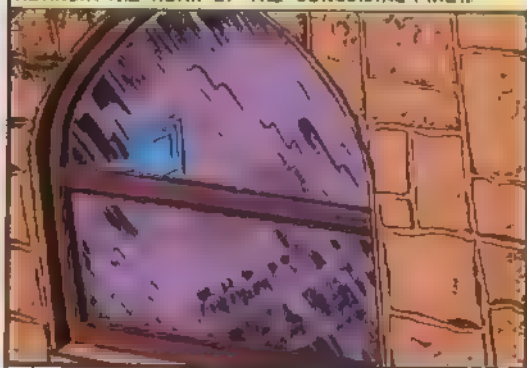


THE COFFIN SLID SLOWLY DOWN THE ROLLER TRACK TOWARD THE SMALL DOOR THAT STOOD OPEN NOW! FROM WITHIN, BLASTING HEAT AND DANCING FLAMES LEAPED FORTH...

FOREVER AND EVER. A-MEN!



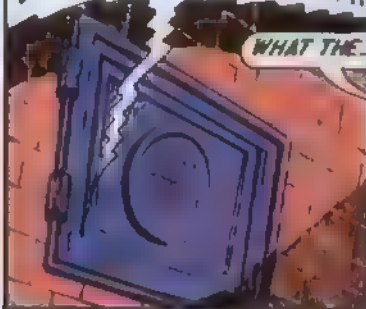
THE HEAVY IRON DOOR CLANGED SHUT! THE MOURNERS SAT SILENTLY... HEADS BOWED! FROM BEHIND THE BRICK WALL, A RUSHING ROAR WAS HEARD... THE ROAR OF THE CONSUMING FIRE..



THEN.. SUDDENLY... THEY HEARD IT! ALL EYES TURNED TOWARD THE CREMATORY! IT CAME FROM BEHIND THE WALL... A HORRIFIED, BLOOD-CURDLING, HYSTERICAL SCREAM.

EEEEAAAH!

WHAT THE..



THE FRIGHTENED WIDOW JUMPED TO HER FEET! THE GRIEF-STRIKEN MOTHER FAINTED! THE THREE BROTHERS PRESENT LOOKED AT EACH OTHER WIDE-EYED IN DISBELIEF.

IT CAME FROM
INSIDE.

HE HE'S
ALIVE!

DO
SOME-
THING!



AND THEN.. BEFORE ANYONE COULD MOVE . A FIGURE STEPPED FROM BEHIND THE DRAPERIES TO THE RIGHT OF THE WALL! IT WAS JONAH WESTLAKE . THE FIFTH BROTHER! HE WAS LAUGHING. LAUGHING GLEEFULLY...

A... HAH! A HAH!
HAH-HAH-HAH!
PRETTY GOOD
EH?

YOU.. YOU
FIEND!



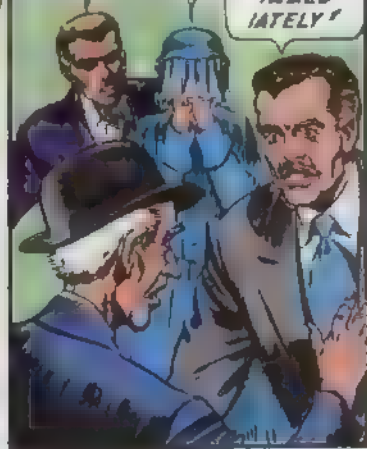
HEE, HEE! YEP! THAT WAS JONAH WESTLAKE! THE BLACK-SHEEP OF THE WESTLAKE FAMILY! ALWAYS THE COMEDIAN... ALWAYS THE PRACTICAL JOKER! SOME JOKE, EH? YES, JONAH LOVED TO PLAY PRACTICAL JOKES ON THE OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY! HE'D BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS! BUT THIS... THIS WAS GOING TOO FAR...



JONAH! HOW COULD YOU.

I I HATE YOU!

LEAVE! GO! GET OUT! IMMEDIATELY!

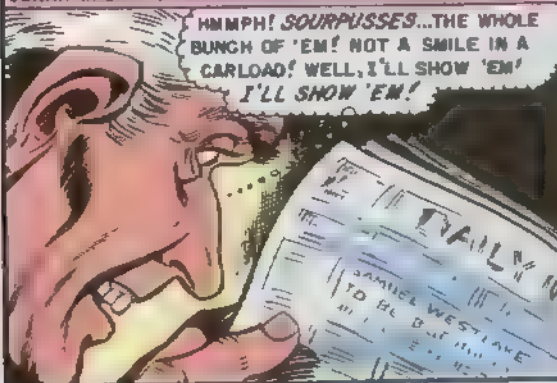


SO JONAH LEFT! HE WAS BANISHED FROM THE FAMILY CIRCLE! HE WAS NEVER INVITED BACK AGAIN...

NO SENSE OF HUMOR! THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG! NOBODY'S GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR! HMMMPH! CAN'T EVEN PLAY A PRACTICAL JOKE...

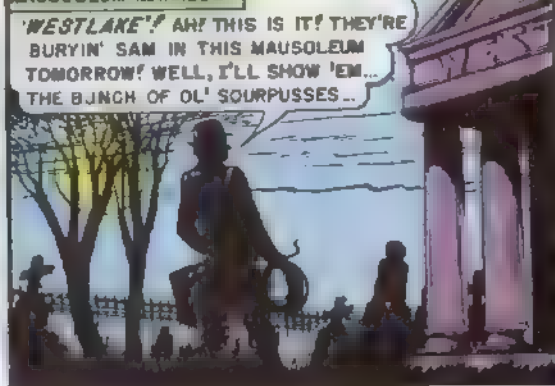


AND SO THE TIME PASSED! JONAH REMAINED REJECTED FROM THE WESTLAKE FAMILY GROUP! WHEN SAMUEL WESTLAKE... ONE OF THE BROTHERS... PASSED AWAY, JONAH WASN'T EVEN INVITED TO THE FUNERAL...



HMMMPH! SOURPUSSSES... THE WHOLE BUNCH OF 'EM! NOT A SMILE IN A CARLOAD! WELL, I'LL SHOW 'EM! I'LL SHOW 'EM!

THAT NIGHT, JONAH WESTLAKE ENTERED SAGMOOR CEMETERY! HE CARRIED A SUITCASE AND A COIL OF WIRE! HE MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE GRAVES TO THE MAUSOLEUM MARKED...



'WESTLAKE'? AH! THIS IS IT! THEY'RE BURYIN' SAM IN THIS MAUSOLEUM TOMORROW! WELL, I'LL SHOW 'EM... THE BUNCH OF OL' SOURPUSSSES...

JONAH PUSHED OPEN THE MAUSOLEUM DOOR! AFTER A WHILE, HE CAME OUT... LAUGHING! THE NEXT DAY, THE WESTLAKE FAMILY... MINUS JOKING JONAH... HAD GATHERED FOR THE INTERMENT OF THEIR BELOVED SAMUEL...



...AND SO, WE COMMIT HIS BODY TO ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE...

BROTHERS AND NEPHEWS LIFTED THE GASKET CONTAINING THE LAST REMAINS OF SAMUEL WESTLAKE AND CARRIED IT INTO THE MAUSOLEUM! A MOMENT LATER, THEY CAME OUT! THEIR ARMS HUNG LIMPLY AT THEIR SIDES! THE MINISTER STEPPED FORWARD...



AND NOW AS WE CLOSE THE DOOR...

NO! NO! DON'T LOCK ME IN...

A VOICE! IT CAME FROM INSIDE THE MAUSOLEUM... FROM THE COFFIN! IT WAS AN EERIE, PLEADING VOICE...

PLEASE...I'M ALIVE!
DON'T BURY ME
ALIVE...PLEASE!

WHAT THE?

HURRY!
HURRY!



THE COFFIN WAS UNLATCHED AND OPENED! INSIDE...SAMUEL WESTLAKE LAY PALE AND RIGID! HE WAS QUITE DEAD...

IT...IT'S SOME
SORT OF...
JOKE...

JONAH!
HE'S DONE
THIS...



LAUGHTER FILLED THE MAUSOLEUM. IT ECHOED FROM WALL TO WALL... CEILING TO FLOOR! IT WAS JONAH'S MOCKING SNEERING LAUGHTER COMING FROM... A LOUDSPEAKER!

LOOK!



WHILE THE WIDOW SCREAMED HYSTERICALLY, THE OTHER BROTHERS RUSHED BACK INTO THE MAUSOLEUM.

OPEN THE COFFIN.
QUICKLY!

LET HIM
OUT...

HURRY!



JONAH, MICROPHONE IN HAND, WAS HANGING ON TO A TREE TO KEEP FROM FALLING, WHEN A MEMBER OF THE WESTLAKE FAMILY SPOTTED HIM! HE WAS LAUGHING SO HARD, TEARS STREAMED DOWN HIS CHEEKS.

HAW-HAW-HAW

THERE! HE IS
BEHIND THE MAUSOLEUM!



ONE OF THE BROTHERS ROBERT, WALKED SLOWLY OVER TO WHERE JONAH STOOD GIGGLING UNCONTROLLABLY! AS ROBERT APPROACHED, HE BEGAN TO REMOVE THE BLACK GLOVES HE WAS WEARING. JONAH! YOU

HEE, HEE... GASP
A...HEE HEE

PERVERTED, SAVAGE-BRAINED MONSTER! HAVE YOU NO PITY FOR SAM'S POOR WIDOW? DO YOU FIND SATISFACTION IN INFLICTING PAIN UPON YOUR KIN? WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE WHAT AN INHUMAN DESPICABLE HALF-WITTED IDIOT YOU ARE.



... AND THE GIGGLING WAS CUT SHORT BY THE STINGING LASH OF ROBERT'S GLOVES AS HE WHIPPED THEM ACROSS JONAH'S FACE...



JONAH'S FACE WAS LIVID WITH RAGE AS ROBERT TURNED HIS BACK AND WALKED AWAY! WHILE THE GROUP OF MOURNERS MOVED DOWN THE GRAVEL PATH, JONAH SWORE A SILENT OATH...

I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU, ROBERT!



HE GLENCHED HIS FISTS TILL THE KNUCKLES WERE WHITE BLOTCHES

I'LL GET *EVEN* WITH YOU FOR *THIS*!



JONAH WAITED *TWO YEARS*...*TWO LONG YEARS* .TO GET EVEN WITH ROBERT! AND THEN HIS CHANCE CAME, WHEN LISA WESTLAKE, ROBERT'S WIFE, PASSED AWAY...

NOW, ROBERT...*NOW* I'LL HAVE MY *REVENGE*! TOMORROW AT LISA'S FUNERAL! YOU'LL SEE!



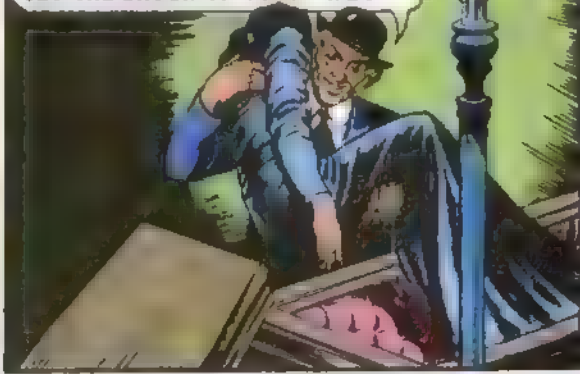
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, JONAH SLIPPED INTO THE FUNERAL PARLOR WHERE LISA WESTLAKE'S BODY LAY IN ITS COFFIN! A PLAN HAD FORMED IN JONAH'S WARPED MIND... A FIENDISH PLAN...

THIS WILL BE MY *BEST*...MY *GREATEST PRACTICAL JOKE*!



WHEN NO ONE WAS ABOUT, JONAH REMOVED LISA'S BODY FROM ITS COFFIN...

AT THE FUNERAL TODAY, ROBERT, YOU'LL GET THE *SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE*!



ONCE LISA'S BODY WAS SAFELY HIDDEN, JONAH CLIMBED INTO THE COFFIN...

WHEN THEY LOWER THE COFFIN INTO THE GRAVE, YOU'LL HEAR YOUR *WIFE*, ROBERT! HAH, HAH! SHE'LL *MOAN*... *SCREAM*...



YOU'LL *BEG* THEM TO *STOP*! YOU'LL *OPEN* THE COFFIN... AND I'LL BE THERE... *LAUGHING* AT YOU!



LATER THAT DAY, A SMALL SOBBING GROUP STOOD ABOUT THE COFFIN OF LISA WESTLAKE IN SAGMOOR CEMETERY! AFTER THE SIMPLE CEREMONY...

LOWER THE COFFIN!



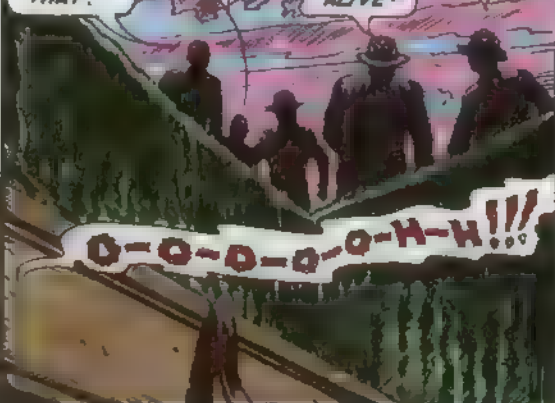
THE COFFIN WAS LOWERED INTO THE GRAVE! SUDDENLY, A WAIL DRIFTED UP FROM THE YAWNING BLACK HOLE...

WHAT WAS THAT?

A MOAN!

SHE'S ALIVE!

NO!



ROBERT STEPPED FORWARD! HE SNATCHED THE SHOVEL FROM A HORRIFIED GRAVEDIGGER.

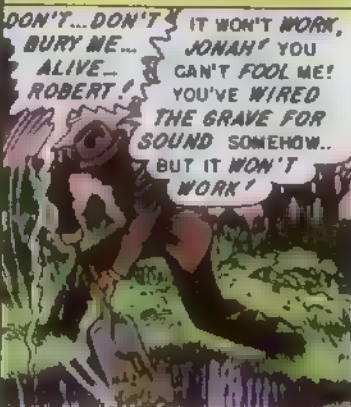
BUT SHE'S ALIVE!

NO! IT'S A TRICK!



ROBERT DUG THE SPADE INTO THE SOFT MOUND OF EARTH BESIDE THE OPEN GRAVE, AND DIRT POURED DOWN ONTO THE COFFIN BELOW...

DON'T... DON'T! IT WON'T WORK, JONAH! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! YOU'VE WIRED THE GRAVE FOR SOUND SOMEHOW... BUT IT WON'T WORK!



JONAH, INSIDE THE COFFIN, REALIZED THAT ROBERT WAS DETERMINED NOT TO FALL FOR HIS LITTLE JOKE! HE PUSHED AT THE COFFIN LID BUT...

IT'S LOCKED! THE COFFIN'S LOCKED! I CAN'T GET OUT! ROBERT... IT'S ME... JONAH!

YOU SEE? IT IS JONAH! I TOLD YOU! GOT A LOUD-SPEAKER DOWN THERE, JONAH!



THE DIRT PILED HIGHER AND HIGHER! JONAH'S SCREAMING GREW MORE AND MORE MUFFLED! THE SMALL GROUP STOOD ABOUT...PRETENDING NOT TO HEAR HIM... KNOWING IT WAS ALL A HIDEOUS PRACTICAL JOKE... LIKE THE OTHER ONES! WHEN THE GRAVE WAS COVERED, THEY LEFT...

COME! IGNORE HIM! WHEN WE ARE GONE, HE WILL COME OUT FROM WHERE HE IS HIDING AND REALIZE THAT WE HAVE BEATEN HIM!

GOOD-BYE, JONAH! SORRY YOUR LITTLE TRICK DIDN'T CONVINCE US!

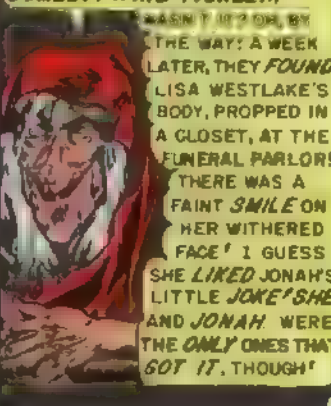


THE BLACK-GLAD MOURNERS FADED OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF EARSHOT! BUT THE MUFFLED, TERRORIZED SHRIEKING CONTINUED! SOON, HOWEVER... EVEN THAT FADED! AND JONAH'S LAST PRACTICAL JOKE FADED TOO. WITH THE LAST DROP OF AIR IN THE COFFIN SIX FEET BELOW THE GROUND!



HEE, HEE! WELL! WHAT A SIDE-SPLITTING HUMOROUS FINISH, EH? I HOPE YOU LIKED MY LITTLE COMEDY! A RIB-TICKLER.

THE WAY! A WEEK LATER, THEY FOUND LISA WESTLAKE'S BODY, PROPPED IN A CLOSET, AT THE FUNERAL PARLOR! THERE WAS A FAINT SMILE ON HER WITHERED FACE! I GUESS SHE LIKED JONAH'S LITTLE JOKE! SHE... AND JONAH... WERE THE ONLY ONES THAT GOT IT, THOUGH!



THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! GREETINGS! IT'S NICE TO SEE YOUR HORROR-HAPPY FACES ONCE AGAIN! SO YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU ANOTHER OF MY TALES OF TERROR THAT I KEEP HERE IN THE CRYPT, EH? WELL, COME IN! COME IN AND SIT DOWN BESIDE ME... THE CRYPT-KEEPER! I HAVE A REAL SPINE-TINGLER READY FOR YOU! WHILE I'M TELLING YOU THIS CHILLING YARN, WE CAN AMUSE OURSELVES WITH A FRIENDLY GAME OF POKER! I HAVE ONE ON THE FIRE... GETTING RED-HOT! OH, BY THE WAY... I CALL THIS LITTLE SCREAM-PLAY...

CHEESE, THAT'S HORRIBLE!



WHEN HENDRICK VILLHEM, A MILD-MANNERED, SHY, QUIET TYPE, ARRIVED HERE FROM HOLLAND TWO YEARS AGO, HE BROUGHT WITH HIM HIS MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION... THE FORMULA FOR MAKING VILLHEM CHEESE! AS HE STEPPED OFF THE GANGPLANK IN NEW YORK...

MR. VILLHEM? ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! MY NAME IS BRADBURY PRINCE!

I... I'M VERY GLAD TO MEET VIT YOU, MISTER PRINCE!



I LEARNED FROM MY CONTACTS ABROAD VELL! DAT
YOU WOULD BE ON THIS BOAT. SO I
CAME DIRECTLY TO NEW YORK TO
MEET YOU WHEN YOU LANDED!

VELL! DAT
VAS VERY
NICE OF YOU,
MISTER PRINCE!



VILLHEM! I WON'T MINGE WORDS!
I HAVE A **BUSINESS PROPOSITION** TO
OFFER YOU! I WANT TO PRODUCE VILLHEM
CHEESE IN THIS COUNTRY ON A
LARGE-SCALE COMMERCIAL
BASIS! I AM WILLING TO **FINANCE**
THE WHOLE UNDERTAKING!

YOU. YOU
VANT TO
BUY MY
FORMULA?
NO! I I
AM SORRY,
MISTER
PRINCE!

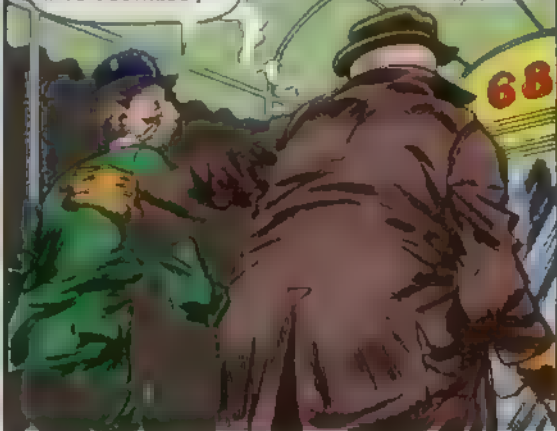


THE FORMULA FOR VILLHEM
CHEESE HAS BEEN HANDED
DOWN FROM FADDER TO SON
FOR **GENERATIONS!** I
CANNOT SELL IT!

LOOK HERE, VILLHEM!
I DON'T WANT TO
TAKE YOUR FORMULA
AWAY FROM YOU!
YOU'LL BE A **PARTNER**
IN THE BUSINESS!



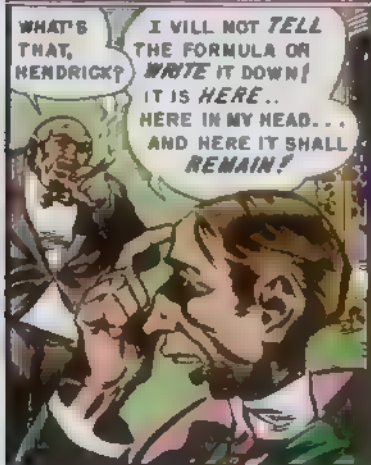
YOU MEAN I PUT IN MY **FORMULA**. THAT'S THE DEAL.
UNT YOU PUT IN THE **MONEY...** VILLHEM! TAKE
AND VE GO **FIFTY-FIFTY** IT OR LEAVE IT!
INTO BUSINESS?



HENDRICK VILLHEM TOOK IT! BUT
HE HAD ONE STIPULATION...

WHAT'S
THAT,
HENDRICK?

I VILL NOT **TELL**
THE FORMULA OR
WRITE IT DOWN!
IT IS **HERE...**
HERE IN MY HEAD...
AND HERE IT SHALL
REMAIN!



BUT, **HOW...**

I VILL MIX ALL OF
THE INGREDIENTS IN
THEIR PROPER PRO-
PORTIONS **MYSELF...**
IN PRIVATE!



WELL, HOW IN BLAZES
ARE WE GOING TO TURN
THE CHEESES OUT IN
QUANTITY, IF YOU
HAVE TO MAKE EACH
ONE **YOURSELF!**

DAT,
MISTER
PRINCE,
IS **YOUR**
PROBLEM!



VILLHEM CHEESE WAS **FAMOUS** IN EASTERN EUROPE! ITS DISTINCTIVE **FLAVOR**. ITS DELICIOUS **TANG** WAS A CHEESE-LOVER'S DELIGHT! BRADBURY PRINCE KNEW A GOOD PRODUCT WHEN HE SMELLED IT! SO HE LOST NO TIME IN SOLVING THE PROBLEM HENDRICK VILLHEM HAD PROVOKED...

THERE IT IS, VILLHEM! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

YOU WANT ME TO MAKE CHEESES **SO BIG...** IN **ZUCH TREMENDOUS VATS?**

SURE! YOU MIX IT UP JUST LIKE THE LITTLE ONES YOU USED TO MAKE! THEN, WHEN IT HARDENS...WE CUT IT UP! WE COULD GET OVER **TWO-HUNDRED** SMALL CHEESES FROM **ONE VAT!**

BUT IT TAKES **TWO YEARS** TO AGE!

WHAT? TWO YEARS?

YAH! DAT'S RIGHT! IT TAKES **TWO YEARS** TO AGE **PROPERLY**. TILL THE **BACTERIA** HAS...

BRADBURY PRINCE ALMOST BLEW HIS MILLIONAIRE TOP! HE ALMOST TOOK HENDRICK VILLHEM AND HIS FORMULA AND TOSSED HIM INTO ONE OF THE EMPTY VATS THEY WERE STANDING OVER! BUT THEN... THEN AN IDEA CAME TO HIM! WHY TOSS HIM **NOW**? WHY NOT... IN **TWO YEARS**?

TWO YEARS! IN TWO YEARS HE WOULD HAVE STARTED... LET'S SEE... ABOUT **SIX HUNDRED** VATS OF CHEESE! **SIX HUNDRED** GIANTIC CHEESES, **EIGHT FEET** HIGH BY **SIX FEET** ACROSS! THAT WOULD BE **PLENTY! PLENTY!**

YES! YOU GUESSED IT! BRADBURY PRINCE'S IDEA WAS **MURDER!** IN TWO YEARS... HE WOULD OWN THE BUSINESS... AND **SIX HUNDRED HUGE VILLHEM CHEESES**... **OUTRIGHT...**

HAH, HAH! WELL, HENDRICK! WHAT'S TWO YEARS, EH? WHAT'S **TWO YEARS** IN A **LIFETIME** PARTNERSHIP?

A MERE... DROP IN THE VAT... MISTER PRINCE!

THAT NIGHT, ALONE IN HIS LUXURIOUS APARTMENT... BRADBURY PRINCE MADE HIS PLANS...

YES, SIR! JUST BEFORE THE FIRST VAT IS BROKEN OPEN AND THE CHEESES CUT AND WRAPPED... I'LL GET RID OF THAT LITTLE **MOUSE!**

THEN...THEN I'LL HAVE THE OUTPUT OF TWO YEARS COMING OF AGE! I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE...AND THAT LITTLE CREEP... THAT LITTLE *MOUSE*...WON'T BE THERE TO TAKE HALF OF IT AWAY!



HAH, HAH! THAT'S A *GOOD* ONE! HAH, HAH! I CALLED HIM A *MOUSE*! HE'S THE FIRST *MOUSE* I EVER HEARD OF THAT MAKES HIS *OWN* CHEESE...



HAH, HAH! A *MOUSE*! THAT'S WHAT HE IS! A *MOUSE*! AND I...I'VE GOT HIM *TRAPPED*!



AND SO 'THE P & V CHEESE COMPANY, MAKERS OF THE ORIGINAL DUTCH TYPE VILLEM CHEESE' WAS BORN! EVERY DAY IN DEEP DARK SECRECY, HENDRICK VILLEM MIXED ANOTHER VAT OF CHEESE...

SUCH TREMENDOUS QUANTITIES! I...I HOPE IT TASTES THE SAME LIKE IN THE *OLD* COUNTRY!



AND EVERY DAY, ANOTHER VAT OF CHEESE WAS MOVED INTO THE AGING WAREHOUSE FOR A TWO-YEAR STAY...

YELL, MISTER PRINCE! DAY'S NUMBER VUN-HUNDRED AND TEN!

YEP! TIME REALLY *FLIES*. DOESN'T IT, HENDRICK?



AFTER ALMOST A YEAR AND A HALF HAD PASSED...

LOOK, HENDRICK! LOOK! *ADVANCED* ORDERS! THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF *ADVANCED* ORDERS! WHEN WILL THE FIRST VAT YOU MIXED BE READY TO OPEN?

LET'S SEE! IN *SEVEN* MORE MONTHS, MISTER PRINCE!



SEVEN MONTHS...SEVEN LONG MONTHS! THE ORDERS PILED UP! THE FIRST YEAR'S OUTPUT... THREE HUNDRED AND FIVE VATS... ENOUGH TO MAKE SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND SMALL CHEESES...HAD ALREADY BEEN SOLD.

TOMORROW, MISTER PRINCE! TOMORROW WE OPEN THE *FIRST* VAT!

GOOD! GOOD! WE'LL HAVE A *CELEBRATION*! YOU WON'T HAVE TO *MIX* A VAT TOMORROW! IT'LL BE A *HOLIDAY*!



I... I WAS VONDERING, MISTER PRINCE!
I VAS VONDERING IF I COULDN'T
START DRAWING SOME **MONEY** FROM
THE BUSINESS, NOW' VE MUST HAVE
COLLECTED PLENTY OF MONEY
ALREADY IN ADVANCED ORDERS'

SURE, HENDRICK' **SURE' AFTER**
TOMORROW'
AFTER THE VAT
IS OPENED, AND
THE CHEESE IS
TASTED'

YES, MISTER PRINCE' I
UNDERSTAND' I UNDERSTAND!
YOU ARE VORRYING IT MAY
NOT BE GOOD, YES?

MAYBE, HENDRICK' **MAYBE' NOW WHY**
DON'T YOU GO MIX
UP TODAY'S VAT?



HENDRICK VILHEM LEFT BRADBURY
PRINCE'S OFFICE' AS THE DOOR
CLOSED, BRADBURY LEANED BACK IN
HIS SWIVEL CHAIR AND ROARED
WITH LAUGHTER...

HAW, HAW'

WHAT A MEEK CREEP' WHAT
A **MOUSE!**



HE STOOD UP! HIS FACE REDDENED
HIS EYES BULGED IN VIOLENT
ANGER

TODAY'S THE DAY,
HENDRICK! **TODAY'S THE DAY**
YOU GET **YOURS.. YOU**
MOUSE!



BRADBURY PRINCE OPENED THE
DOOR TO HIS OFFICE AND PEERED
DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARD THE
MIXING ROOM

DOOR'S LOCKED'

ALWAYS LOCKS IT' AFRAID I'LL
STEAL HIS STUPID FORMULA'
FOOL! **MOUSEY FOOL!** I'VE
GOT A **SKELETON KEY!**



BRADBURY MOVED DOWN THE CORRIDOR AND STOPPED
BEFORE THE MIXING-ROOM DOOR' HE COULD SEE
HENDRICK INSIDE...STIRRING THE HUGE VAT FROM THE
PLATFORM THAT CROSSED OVER IT' SLOWLY HE UN-
LOCKED THE DOOR AND STEPPED INSIDE

GOT TO BE QUIET... LIKE A CAT... STALKING
A MOUSE... NEH, NEH...

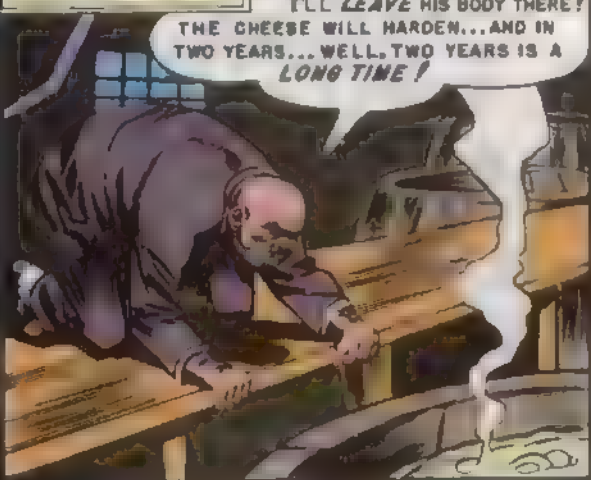


THE STARTLED HENDRICK VILHEM SCREENED AS
BRADBURY PRINCE PUSHED' HIS EAR-SPLITTING SHRIEK
ECHOED FROM WALL TO WALL



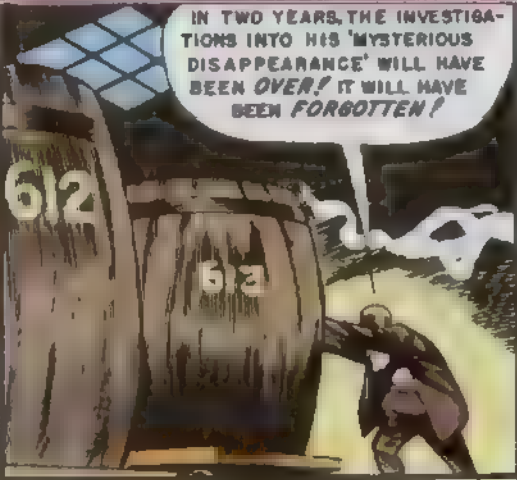
THE CHURNING AND SPLASHING IN THE VAT STOPPED AFTER A FEW MINUTES! HENDRICK VILLHEM WAS DEAD! DROWNED IN HIS OWN CHEESE...

I'LL LEAVE HIS BODY THERE! THE CHEESE WILL HARDEN...AND IN TWO YEARS...WELL, TWO YEARS IS A LONG TIME!



THE VAT CONTAINING HENDRICK VILLHEM'S BODY WAS PUSHED INTO THE AGING WAREHOUSE, AND STORED IN ITS PROPER PLACE...

IN TWO YEARS, THE INVESTIGATIONS INTO HIS 'MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE' WILL HAVE BEEN OVER! IT WILL HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN!



THAT NIGHT, AS BRADBURY PRINCE LAY IN HIS BED...

CAN'T SEEM TO FALL ASLEEP TONIGHT! BEEN TOSSING AND TURNING FOR THREE HOURS! KEEP THINKING ABOUT VILLHEM IN THAT CHEESE! SUPPOSE...SUPPOSE THEY OPEN THAT ONE TOMORROW?



BRADBURY PRINCE GOT UP! HE DRESSED QUICKLY...

GOT TO GET OVER TO THE WAREHOUSE! GOT TO SEE IF THE VAT IS IN ITS RIGHT PLACE...LAST IN LINE...NOT FIRST!



AS BRADBURY WALKED DOWN THE DARK DESERTED STREET...

EVERYTHING LOOKS STRANGE... WEIRD...



AS HE WALKED ALONG, A SOFT PADDING SOUND SEEMED TO BE FOLLOWING HIM...

IT SOUNDS...LIKE... LIKE AN ANIMAL! A GIANT ANIMAL...



THE PADDING WAS CLOSER, NOW! BRADBURY TURNED AND...

GOOD LORD! EYES! THE EYES OF A CAT!



BRADBURY DARTED INTO A DOORWAY AND SLAMMED THE DOOR BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE SHINING, GLEAMING EYES...



I...I SEEM TO BE IN A DESERTED WAREHOUSE! IT... IT'S DARK IN HERE...

HE MOVED THROUGH THE DARKNESS! HE NO LONGER COULD HEAR THE SCRATCHING ON THE DOOR THROUGH WHICH HE HAD ENTERED! HE PASSED THROUGH A LOW OPENING LIKE A ROUGHLY HEWN HOLE IN THE WALL, AND THEN...



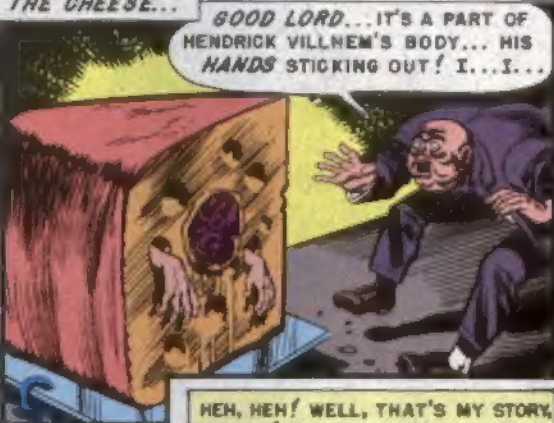
LOOKS LIKE A PLATFORM... WITH A METAL RAIL AROUND IT...

BRADBURY MOUNTED THE PLATFORM AND MOVED ALONG IT! A STRANGE COIL OF METAL CROSSED IT! HE CLIMBED OVER IT...



IT'S LIKE...LIKE A HUGE SPRING...

AND THEN HE SAW IT... THE LARGE WEDGE OF CHEESE... VILLHEM CHEESE! HE COULD TELL IT BY THE FAMILIAR SMELL! BUT WHAT WAS THAT IN IT... IN THE CHEESE...



GOOD LORD... IT'S A PART OF HENDRICK VILLHEM'S BODY... HIS HANDS STICKING OUT! I...I...

BRADBURY PRINCE LEANED AGAINST THE HUGE WEDGE OF CHEESE... SICK! IT TILTED SLIGHTLY! SUDDENLY HE HEARD A CLICK AND THE SOUND OF METAL SINGING THROUGH THE AIR...



NO...NO...YA-A-A-A-H!

OUTSIDE OF BRADBURY PRINCE'S LUXURIOUS BEDROOM, HIS BUTLER WAS JUST GETTING READY TO RETIRE WHEN HE HEARD THE SHRIEK OF HORROR CUT SHORT BY THE LOUD SHARP SNAP! HE RUSHED IN...



MR. PRINCE! I...I... GULP! HE... HE'S BEEN SEVERED IN HALF!

HEH, HEH! WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, KIDDIES! OLD BRADBURY HAD BEEN DREAMING! THE ONLY PUZZLING THING IS... IF HE WAS ONLY DREAMING THAT HE GOT CAUGHT IN THAT HUGE MOUSE-TRAP, WHAT WAS THE SNAP THE BUTLER HEARD? AND WHAT MADE BRADBURY GO TO PIECES? WELL, LOOKS LIKE HENDRICK WASN'T THE ONLY



MOUSEY CHARACTER IN THIS STORY, EN? MR. PRINCE REALLY ENDED UP LIKE ONE... A MOUSE, THAT IS! 'BYE, NOW! OH, BY THE WAY! NEXT TIME YOU EAT VILLHEM CHEESE... DON'T STUDY IT TOO CAREFULLY! YOU MIGHT FIND A BIT OF HENDRICK!

**HEE-HEE! I'M GOING TO DO
LIKE THESE TWO GOOFY
GHOULUNATICS, AND GET MY
OWN SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ALL
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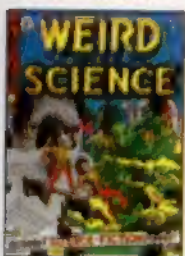
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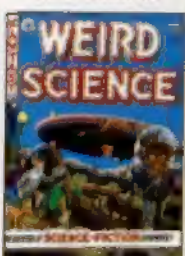
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